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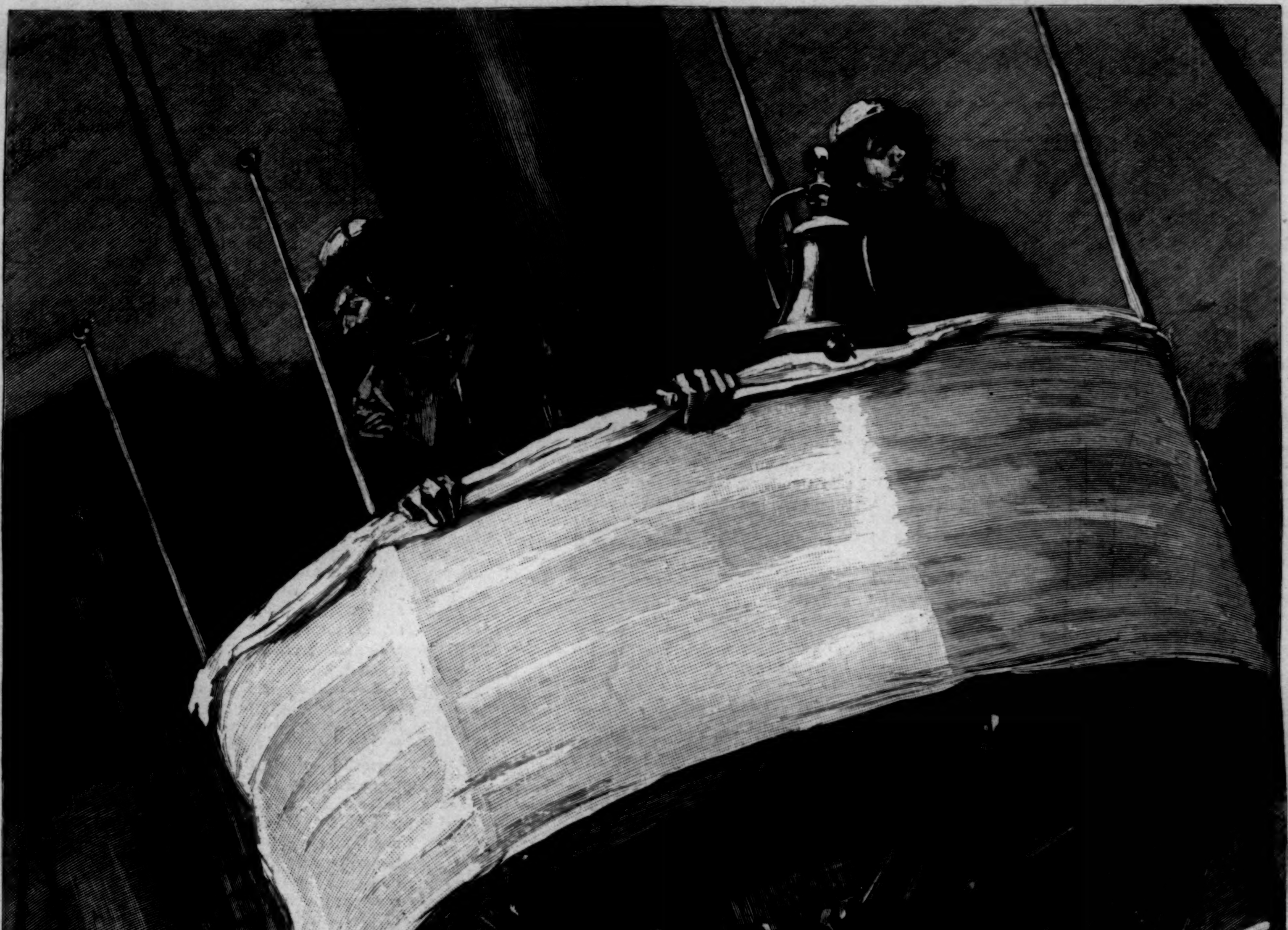

LOOKOUT BRIDGE ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 548.]

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Other stories are, "How Nan and the Boss got Even," by Annie G. Brown, *and "Lovely," by* M. L. Bisland.

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THE NATIONAL ELECTION BILL.

It is generally admitted, even by Republicans, that the President's course has not strengthened his party. But it is still more evident to every intelligent observer that the course of the Republican Congress has deeply injured the party. The passage of the pension bill involves an outlay of the public money which is incalculable. It is a surrender to the fear of losing a mercenary vote, and is defended under transparently hypocritical pretences. The good sense of the country measures at their exact value the protestations by demagogues of their patriotic gratitude, while the true feeling of the American volunteer is expressed by brave veterans like Senator **Hawley** and President **Andrews**. The passage by the House of the **McKinley** bill, which, in the face of a surplus, raises the average rate of customs duties, has produced what looks now like a serious breach in the party. Mr. **Blaine**'s letter and the reports of his frank comments upon the bill express not only the views of a great body of Republicans, but of the American intelligence which is not classified by a party name.

But more disturbing to the public mind than either the pension or the tariff policy of the dominant party is the national election bill, which, both in itself and in the extraordinary limitation of debate upon it, is a startling measure, which, the more it is understood, cannot fail to arouse profound public amazement and distrust. To secure a result which cannot be attained by the enforcement of any law, the Republican party proposes to overthrow the most vital tradition of the American system of government—the local control of elections. The destruction of that cardinal condition of our government would be an evil much more radical and alarming than the suppression of the vote which the measure professes to aim to correct. The bill commits the result of Congressional elections in any district where a few persons request it to a body large or small of partisan agents, and to a permanent returning board, appointed by a central authority, in whose honesty and impartiality the public confidence will be necessarily much less than in the present election agencies, while the local contentment and acquiescence in the result, which are considerations of vital importance to the tranquil working of any election system, will be wholly wanting. Opposition to this extraordinary measure is not, as Republican speakers and the Republican press allege, indicative of a disposition to tolerate suppression of the colored vote, or the wholesale buying of white voters in blocks of five. Such opposition rests upon the ground that whatever the extent of the evil, the remedy proposed is a much greater evil.

The bill changes essentially the present law providing for national supervisors of election, extending it to a point which supersedes altogether the State control of Congressional elections. The State election officers, indeed, are nominally recognized, but they are subordinated entirely to the United States officers. The result would be that the election of members of Congress in New York, for instance, upon the request of a few persons in every district, would be controlled not by officers selected by the people, but by agents appointed by national authority. The States under the circumstances might naturally decline to take any official part in such elections, and the blow at the very root of our system of local self-government would be disastrous. If to these acts of the dominant party be added the gross violation of executive pledges of reform in the civil service, and the party acquiescence in the silence of **Quay**, the Chairman of the National Republican Committee, under criminal charges very generally believed, which, if untrue, he could disprove at once, amid general satisfaction and to the immense benefit of his party, with the ardent support of the free silver bill by the extreme Western Republicans, a party record is offered to the country which has necessarily radically weakened it among those whose support is in itself the best reliance of a party, and leaves it in the position of a party conscious of the loss of its moral hold upon the country, and desperately resolved by audacious straining of the forms of law to retain the power which is passing away. Those who recall the splendid days and deeds of the youth and prime of the Republican party cannot see the spectacle which it now presents without remembering **Couture**'s powerful and pathetic picture of "The Decadence of the Romans."

THE POLICY OF COMMON-SENSE.

The letter of Mr. **Herbert Welsh** to the Springfield *Republican* on the Navajo Indians confirms the general view of Mr. **Edwardy**'s article in our last number. Mr. **Welsh** spent the month of May upon the Navajo Reservation. Two-thirds of it lies in Arizona, and the rest in New Mexico. It is a series of lofty table-lands, and the Navajos since their war with the United States, more than twenty years ago, have given no trouble, and with their flocks and herds have become rich and conservative. They are not quarrelsome, and, upon the whole, are an intelligent and well-disposed people, but living in an out-of-the-way region, they have made little progress in the civilization which is indispensable for them under the new conditions of our wiser Indian policy. They need wise religious instruction and careful industrial training. For the latter purpose Commissioner **Morgan** contemplates providing proper schools for the two thousand Navajo children, of whom not more than one hundred now receive any schooling whatever.

Mr. **Welsh**'s statement of the scope and character of the duties of an Indian agent is very instructive and suggestive, and deserves careful consideration as showing the extreme importance of a wise selection of those officers.

> "To a people in the condition of the Navajos nothing can be done without an agent who is a good and strong man, and in whom the Indians have confidence. They see the government and white civilization through him; they send their children to school because he says that they should do so; they build houses or take other steps toward a more civilized way of living because he advises it; they look to him for protection against the continual attempts of white men living on the borders of the reservation to injure or defraud them. An Indian is murdered in cold blood by a white man, or others are threatened with evictions from homes which they lawfully occupy outside the reservation. It is the agent who must redress these wrongs. Such are cases which have actually occurred, and are liable at any moment to occur again. In the case of murder referred to, had it not been for the reliance the Indians placed in Mr. **Vandever**, and his prompt action in taking steps for the prosecution of the murderer, they might have been led to take the law into their own hands to avenge their wrongs, when very serious consequences would have ensued. Then, too, the success of any effort toward education through school or missionary work among people like the Navajos, for whom so little has been done, must in its inception depend largely upon the wise and hearty co-operation of the agent. He is the Indian's best and most efficient friend, or his deadliest enemy. If this be true, and as the result of many years of close study of the subject I hold that it is the most vital point of the Indian question, why will not the government adopt the simple and sound policy that Indian agents shall neither be removed nor appointed for political reason, but solely with relation to efficiency and good conduct?"

Mr. **Vandever**, the agent at the Navajos reservation, is a Republican who was appointed toward the close of Mr. **Cleveland**'s administration, and was one of the few appointments in the Indian service that were made without regard to politics. There can be no better judge of his official conduct than Mr. **Welsh**, nor can any such estimate be more implicitly trusted. Mr. **Welsh** says that Mr. **Vandever** is an admirable Indian agent, the best, upon the whole, that the Navajos have ever had. He has been scrupulously honest and careful in his dealings with the government interests of all kinds, and discreet, courageous, and sympathetic with the Indians. He has been honestly supported by the Indian Office at Washington. The vital question is, whether that office will be supported against the political pressure for a change, if his duty continues to be well done. No reason whatever for a change can be urged in the interest of the Indians or of the public service. The only plea would be that which has seemed to affect such appointments under this administration—the "home-rule" policy which permits the local politicians in Territories and States where the reservations are situated to dictate the appointment of agents. Mr. **Welsh** holds that the government should say to all political schemers who are trying to make the Indian agencies promote personal purposes: "Gentlemen, hands off! The government is in honor bound to civilize its wards, and it cannot do so with the material you offer."

AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

English politics are interesting because the ministry is in a stress of heavy weather. The government has withdrawn important measures, to avoid probable defeat or the discredit of a greatly reduced majority. There is great dissatisfaction both with Mr. **W. H. Smith**, the leader of the House of Commons, and Mr. **Goschen**, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The transfer of Heligoland to Germany excites discontent, and there is a feeling that changes in the ministry are impending, and that the Liberal-Union leaders must elect to join the Tory party. In the democratic and popular political epoch of to-day a Whig like Lord **Hartington** has no place. On all the actual current questions he is in sympathy with the Tories; and, above all, he is in accord with their conservative spirit and tendency. The drift of the Gladstonian Liberals, who are the great bulk of the old Liberal party, is democratic, and as the direction becomes more evident, parties will divide upon the general ground of conservatism and radicalism. In their general judgment of the course which England ought to pursue under existing circumstances there can be no practical difference between Lord **Hartington** and Lord **Salisbury**.

The cession of Heligoland is in itself of apparently small importance. It is a rock in the North Sea, about two hundred feet high, forty-six miles north-west of the mouth of the Elbe. Its inhabitants, something less than two thousand in number, are of Frisian stock, speaking German, and mainly fishers and pilots. They are said to be rather averse to a change of their superior authority, but Lord **Salisbury** says that there will be no vote of the islanders taken, although he has done his best to ascertain their wishes. The island is only of negative advantage to England. While she holds it, no other power can turn it to account. If Germany obtains possession, she could make it a German Gibraltar, if she thought it for her advantage. On the other hand, practical control of Zanzibar would enable England to supervise the outlet of the central African region, which **Stanley** thinks it extremely desirable for British influence to control. The bargain seems to be a good one for England. But the appearance of surrendering any part of the empire may touch the old jingo spirit into life, and produce a strong protest against the government. There are signs of this awakening spirit, which might be both as unreasonable and as effective as in the palmy days of **Beaconsfield**.

Meanwhile the Irish question is less prominent. There is a lull, as if awaiting some event, some possible hastening of the election. The Liberal party has recently evidently gained heart and prestige. Perhaps this is due rather to the blunders of the government than to any other specific cause. The latest letter of Mr. **Smalley**, who is a well-informed political observer, describes the muddle of the government, and mentions Mr. **Gladstone** as doubtful of the advantage of the agreement with Germany, and opposing the cession, on the ground that in case of a war between Germany and France, the possession of the island would enable Germany to perplex the French fleet. If Mr. **Smalley**'s information be correct, that Mr. **Gladstone** favors asking a stipulation from Germany not to fortify Heligoland, he favors a condition which Germany will of course not concede. On the other hand, **Bismarck** is reported as doubtful whether the island will be of any service to Germany, and does not like a British protectorate of Zanzibar. All this reveals material for vigorous political differences, and consequently, by skilful management, a possible defeat of the ministry and a general election. It would be an extraordinary end of an extraordinary career if at his age and upon his present "platform" Mr. **Gladstone** should return to power.

A MORAL AND A LEGAL RIGHT.

In the debate upon the international copyright law, Mr. **Mills** said that there cannot be a right of property in an idea. What then? Does it follow that if **Irving** writes a story of Rip Van Winkle, and publishes it in a civilized and enlightened community, everybody ought to be at liberty to print it in any form or manner that he may choose? The idea of a person falling asleep and not awaking for years is very old. The story of the Sleeping Beauty antedates "Rip Van Winkle." But is not the story of "Rip Van Winkle" **Irving**'s precisely as that of *Romeo and Juliet* is **Shakespeare**'s?

If there be no right of property in an idea, there is indisputably a conscious moral right of property in the form or use of an idea, as in a mechanical invention; and now Judge **Shipman** says that there is in America, under certain conditions, a legal right of property in the form or use of an idea. In a country in which the instinctive moral conviction upon the subject is good law, there ought to be no reluctance to extend the recognition and defence of the right.

If **Irving** writing "Rip Van Winkle" produces a property which the law of his country acknowledges and protects, which he may hold or sell or transfer, why should not the law of his country acknowledge the same right in **Dickens** writing *Pickwick?* The moral ownership or right is common to the consciousness of both countries. Yet it is undeniable that until recognized by law it is not illegal to disregard the moral right. It may be some time, also, before the discrepancy between the two is perceived. But when, as now, it is quite generally perceived and acknowledged, and when the court next to our highest court holds that there is a very palpable and defensible right of property in the form or use of an idea, why should not our legislation acknowledge that truth?

INTERNATIONAL BOYCOTTING.

The "identical" words attributed to Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Prime Minister, as reported in the *Herald*, are these:

> "The American Congress does not pass laws without the Senate and Executive power. I am not in a position to know what the law will be if it passes the two bodies mentioned. All I can say at present is that, as there are other European growers more seriously affected than we are, we have accepted the proposition to take concerted action. We have instructed our Minister in America to pay the closest attention to this question. This is all I can say at present."

The concerted action is alleged to be that of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Austria, and it contemplates prohibitory duties on American cattle and swine, on the plea of pleuro-pneumonia, and higher duties on our agricultural products. Our exports in 1889 amounted to more than $730,000,000, of which amount agricultural products were more than seventy per cent. The situation forecast by such concerted action is, therefore, peculiarly interesting to American farmers.

It would seem to be a singular course for foreign governments to pursue, to avenge the exclusion of their products from the American market by pinching their own workmen in the price of food by raising the duty upon our food supply. The only reason for such a course would be the probability of stimulating a supply of such products from other countries. In our civil war the sudden stoppage of the cotton supply from America did stimulate the growth of cotton elsewhere. But the slack demand for labor in consequence of the deprivation of cotton would have led to trouble except for the good feeling of the laborers. Whether this feeling could be enlisted for the government which raised the price of bread to the laborers by laying higher duties on the import of their manufactures is a question.

Meanwhile the decline of our export of food products indicates a foreign supply from other sources, and the ending of conscious dependence upon us. If, upon a fair survey of the facts, higher tariff rates, or even prohibition, should seem practicable, a discrimination against us in retaliation for our policy would be very probable. The whole question is one of interest and expediency. It is, of course, open to us to ask, "What do we care for abroad?" But when abroad shuts out our products we shall be able to answer.

NEW STATES.

The admission of the new States of Washington, Montana, and North and South Dakota increases the Republican majority in the Senate from two to ten. The admission of Idaho and Wyoming will increase it to fourteen. If these six Territories had been Democratic, they would not have been admitted. That is a proposition which will not be questioned. The controlling consideration of their admission, and of giving an equal vote in the Senate with that of New England and New York to sparsely peopled frontier communities, was not the public welfare but a party advantage.

This is a severe strain upon the system of the Union. The admission of inconsiderable Territorial populations to an equal share as States in the national government is one of the most important of national measures. Arbitrary and inflexible conditions cannot be readily imposed upon such action, but nothing tries the quality of Congress more, and nothing affects more the welfare of the Union and republican institutions themselves than the purpose for which the circle of the Union is enlarged.

One of the results of consulting upon such occasions only the apparent immediate interests of a party majority was illustrated recently in the passage by the Senate of the free-coinage bill. That bill was passed, and deep discredit was thrown upon the Senate by the vote of what Mr. Edmunds seemed to describe as mining camps. That Republican vote compelled the Republican Senate to bear the responsibility of a measure which the intelligent Republican sentiment of the country certainly disclaims, and which, should it become law by the act of a Republican Congress, would detach from the party the sound financial sentiment of the country. Admitting States to the Union should be regarded as an act of vital national interest, and not as a mere game of party.

DOG BITES.

The Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia has in Dr. Gibier, a pupil of Pasteur, an admirable representative in New York. We understand that his infirmary is crowded with patients, and the attention thus called to the subject of dog bites may be turned to great public service, if it should tend to correct the old and general superstition that a dog which bites a human being should be instantly killed. The truth is that he is the very dog that should not be killed until it is ascertained whether he is mad or not, and that fact determines itself in the course of three or four days, in which time, if mad, the dog will die. If he does not die, the victim is relieved of apprehension of hydrophobia, and the dog may be killed or not as may seem best.

It is a very common belief that if a biting dog runs mad at any subsequent time, the victim that he has bitten will then be seized with hydrophobia. This is the merest superstition. When a dog bites a human being the important fact to ascertain is his madness, and that is made impossible if the dog is killed. A physician writes to the *Tribune*, wisely remarking that to the bitten person the dog's life is invaluable.

Generally speaking the bite of a dog is dangerous only as all such wounds are, but not as producing hydrophobia. Mad dogs are not very common, and usually the disease manifests itself by abnormal conduct in time for warning. Meanwhile, it is a good plan not to pinch a dog's ears or pull his tail or annoy him in other ways to invite him to defend himself.

TRUSTS IN COURT.

The Sugar Trust decision in New York is of great interest and importance because of its statement of a general principle which, as it is just, ought certainly to be law. It affirms substantially that combinations which tend either to limit production or enhance prices are illegal as against public interest, and that a corporation forfeits its charter by joining such a combination. In plain English, it holds practically that such a trust is a conspiracy against the public welfare.

The practical effect of this decision of the highest tribunal in New York will be the closing up of every culpable corporation, the sale of its property, and the division of the proceeds among the lawful claimants. It justifies the instinctive public condemnation of trusts as ruthless monopolies. The plea that combination favors both larger production and cheaper supply is offset in the public mind by the knowledge that there is and can be no guarantee of such a result. The combination is formed not for benevolent and philanthropic purposes, but for the pecuniary advantage of the combiners; and if, when competition is abolished, the profits of the combination are not satisfactory, the price will be raised until they are.

This conviction is the secret of the deep and general hostility to such monopolies, and Judge Barrett's decision, which the recent opinion of the Court of Appeals confirms, was hailed as a public benefit. The case may be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. But the opinion of the New York court is so clear, and the question has been so carefully and ably considered, that it is not easy to anticipate the grounds of a different decision.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

We have formerly commended the efforts of the President and faculty of Atlanta University in Georgia, which is undoubtedly a most useful institution, to secure the revenue of which they were deprived by the action of the State, on the ground that the university did not draw the color line among its pupils. The Rev. Phillips Brooks and Brooke Herford and others published an earnest appeal a few weeks since, and a sum of about $5500 has been subscribed for the current year's expenses. About $2500 more are yet needed, and subscriptions may be sent to William Lloyd Garrison, Treasurer, 132 Federal Street, Boston.

THE MUZZLE IN CONGRESS.

The proposition to restrict debate in the Senate will not prevail without a struggle, and the manner in which "feelers" are sent out to the papers from Washington shows the consciousness that the wisdom of the scheme is felt to be very doubtful. The monstrous limitation to five days of debate upon the election bill in the House amazed the public mind. The reported remark of the Speaker, whether as "chaff" or in earnest, is almost incredible: "Thank Heaven the House is not a deliberative body. We haven't thirty or forty members each with a six or seven hours' speech in his belly." We say almost incredible, because some things done by the Speaker make such a remark not altogether improbable.

That a minority of Senators ought not to be allowed to prevent the legislation desired by the majority is unquestionable. If the majority does not prevail, the fundamental principle of the government fails. But the result can be reached always by unanimous understanding, while a standing rule practically abrogates the freedom of debate which has been always the practice of the Senate. This is the view of Senator Edmunds, who says plainly:

> "If a Senator wishes to debate in order to procrastinate affairs, his brother Senators who do not like it can stay as well as he can and have it out. There ought to be one body in this country where freedom of debate may continue as it has always in this body. It has always been understood that these unanimous understandings, while they bound the honor of gentlemen fully and fairly, were not a rule of the Senate, but I assume that every gentleman present, and every one not present, is just as much bound as if it were an order of the Senate."

The adoption of such a rule as that introduced by Senator Chandler, for the purpose of "rushing through" the Senate such a measure as the national election bill, would but increase the odium of the bill, and cover the motives of its supporters with suspicion. Senators have probably very little conception of the impression which that bill has made upon the public mind, and it becomes more repugnant with every proof that it is essentially merely a scheme to perpetuate party ascendency.

ALLEGED SUGAR FRAUDS.

The removal of Dr. Sherer as polariscopist at this port, together with several other removals, was made upon the basis of a report by a certain Byrne, who was shown at the time to have no knowledge of the subject, and to be a most unfit person on whose statement to base official action. Sugar frauds were alleged, and Mr. James Burt, one of the chief sugar brokers in the city, and other persons were stated to be concerned in them. The necessary implication was that Dr. Sherer also was a party to the conspiracy, and his removal at the time and under the circumstances, whatever may have been the disclaimers, meant to the public that he was guilty of betraying his official trust.

The committee of investigation of the subject have reported after full examination. They reject and discredit entirely the Byrne report. They state that there were few instances in which Byrne allowed facts to embarrass his conclusions, and they deny emphatically his most important statements. They exculpate Dr. Sherer and Mr. James Burt in the most explicit and detailed manner, and they dispose of the whole theory of fraud, of which there has never been the slightest evidence, by saying:

> "The committee find no evidence that the sugar examiners and samplers at New York have been or are parties to systematic frauds on the revenue, and believe on the whole that the government is served with as honest purposes at New York as at other ports. They have no doubt that its employés are as faithful to their trusts as are the employés of private parties or of the great corporations of the country."

At the time of the removal of Dr. Sherer we pointed out the necessary injustice done to him under the circumstances by peremptory removal without explanation, and both he and Mr. Burt demanded investigation as an act of simple fair play. The report relieves both gentlemen of the injurious imputation. But it recommends the removal of Dr. Sherer solely because of his low reading of the polariscope as compared with that in Boston and Philadelphia. Whether those readings are more correct, the committee, of course, cannot determine. It is a question in which they follow the opinion of Professor Wiley of the Agricultural Department. But whether Professor Wiley, however good a chemist, is a better polariscopist than Dr. Sherer, who in ability and experience enjoys in that particular a very high reputation, we are not informed. As the case stands, the reading of Professor Wiley is preferred by the committee to that of Dr. Sherer, apparently because it is more favorable to the government. But it seems to us that the scientific question, which is the more correct reading, is still open, while all the personal implications upon Dr. Sherer are wholly removed.

PERSONAL.

Horace E. Scudder, of Boston, who succeeds Thomas Bailey Aldrich as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is fifty-one years old, and has been engaged in literary pursuits ever since his graduation from Williams College in 1858. Mr. Aldrich resigned, it is said, so that he might devote himself more thoroughly to original literary work, and is now abroad. Mr. Scudder is a well-known author, and a member of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. He went through college at about the same time with three brothers. One of them became a minister, and died at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, a few years ago. Another went out to India as a missionary, and soon after reaching there and beginning his work, was drowned while fording a stream. The third is Samuel H. Scudder, the well-known entomologist.

—George Bancroft, the historian, is at Newport, but rarely appears on the streets, as in former years. He is much feebler than he was last summer, and when he goes out he rides in a carriage, growing infirmity preventing an indulgence in his favorite recreation of horseback riding.

—Speaker Reed nearly went into "conniption fits," the other day when a member of the House peeled off his coat and spoke in his shirt sleeves. Since then he has evidently succumbed to the exigencies of the season and forgotten the proprieties, for he has assumed a flannel shirt and a silk sash, presenting a more picturesque figure than has adorned the Speaker's chair for some time. In his arduous task of pushing the elections bill, Henry Cabot Lodge found it necessary to adopt the same négligé costume.

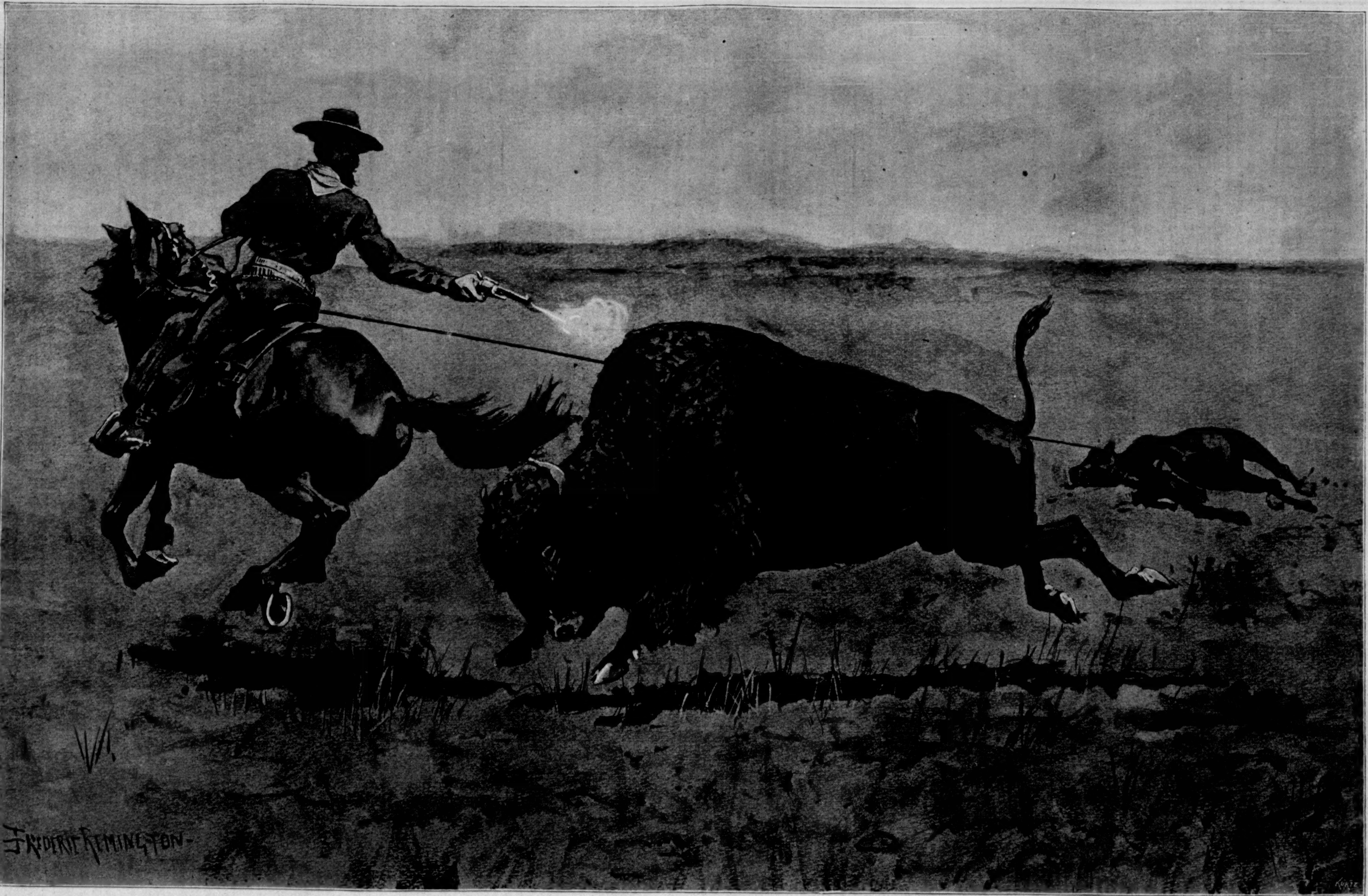
—The little red house near Lenox, Massachusetts, where Hawthorne lived forty years ago, and wrote some of his best known works, has been burned. Hawthorne was visited here by Longfellow, his classmate at Bowdoin College, Herman Melville, G. P. R. James, and Fannie Kemble, who lived in the vicinity. There are residents of Lenox who remember the novelist well, and are able to tell of the rambles which he and his literary friends used to take over the country. Hawthorne loved Lenox in the summer, but grew tired of the boisterous Berkshire winters, and soon after returned to the eastern part of the State.

—Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief who is said to have fired the bullet which killed General Custer, is dying at Standing Rock Agency, in North Dakota, from knife wounds inflicted by a jealous squaw. After killing Custer, he stood on guard over the body and prevented its mutilation.

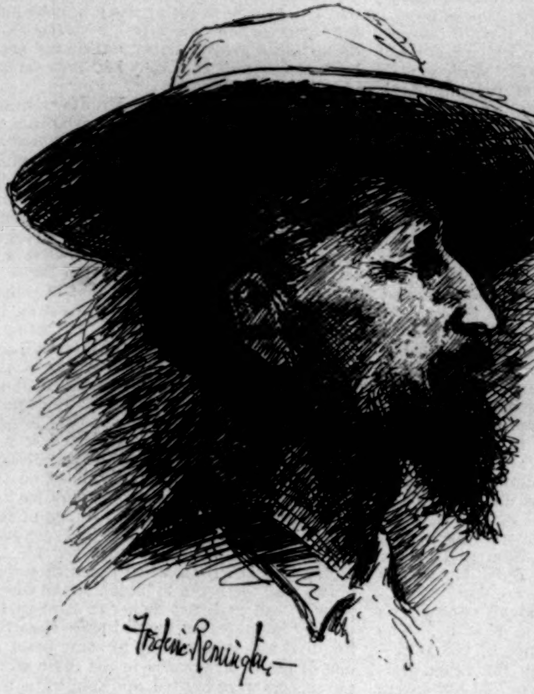
—For a young and not thoroughly sophisticated reformer, George Frederick Williams, of Boston, has given the inside lobby of the Bay State Solons a bad scare, his reckless uncovering of secret means and methods adopted in the interest of West End Railroad legislation having caused an unusual demand for the services of the whitewash man. Mr. Williams is of Norse parentage, and after graduation from Dartmouth College began the practice of law in Boston, where he met with flattering success. In 1884 he left the Republican party and became a mugwump. Now he is a Democrat. Popular manners and a fine tenor voice have made Mr. Williams a social favorite, and in light operas at private theatricals he has won a pleasant local reputation. He is about thirty-seven years old.

—The British government has never granted amnesty to John Boyle O'Reilly, his escape from a convict's doom in western Australia having apparently placed him outside the pale of forgiveness. Meanwhile Mr. O'Reilly, who is forty-six years old, pursues the even tenor of his way, displaying in his poems and lectures a sympathy for humanity which prejudice of party, race, or creed cannot narrow.

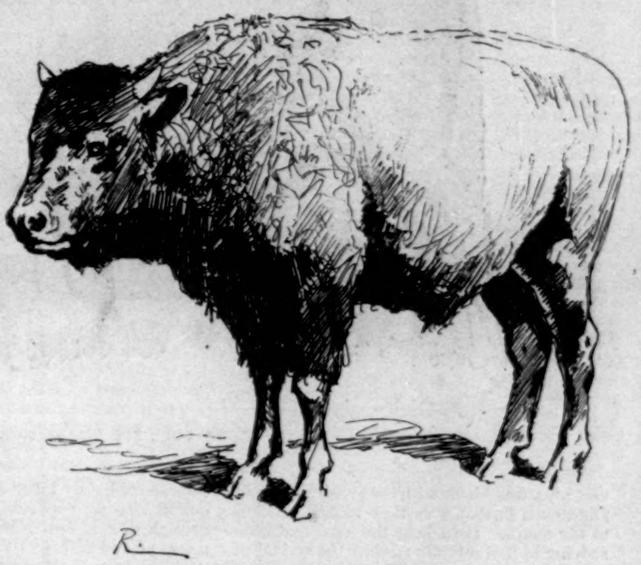
—Considerable curiosity has been excited in New York religious circles by the arrival of Father Ignatius, an English Episcopalian monk, on an evangelistic tour in this country. His beard is shaved, and he wears the garb of the Roman Catholic Benedictine order, but he conducts his missionary services very much as Moody and Sankey would. He exhorts with the earnestness of a Methodist, and sings hymns, accompanying himself with a melodeon. Father Ignatius comes of a wealthy Welsh family, is well educated, and an eloquent preacher. He has founded a Protestant monastery in Wales, and is collecting funds for its completion.


FREDERIC REMINGTON

MR. JONES'S ADVENTURE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See "The Last of the Buffalo," Page 537.]



HON. C. J. JONES, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.



CALF, THREE-FOURTHS BUFFALO.

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

THE first account of the American bison—or buffalo, as erroneously called, for they no more resemble the buffalo than they do the ox—is found in the itinerary of Coronado's famous march in search of "the Seven Cities of Cibola," across the great central plains of the continent, only forty-eight years after the discovery by Columbus of the New World. While resting at one of the Aztec towns, many miles north of the City of Mexico—the starting-point of the expedition—some Indians, whose homes were "far to the east," having heard of the Spaniard's proposed invasion of the interior, were sent by their chief with presents to propitiate Coronado, and who told him of vast herds of cows that roamed over their country. One of the party "showed the Spaniards the picture of a cow painted on his body"; but Castenado, the historian of the wonderful march, says, "We would never have guessed it from seeing the skins of these animals, for they are covered with a frizzled hair which resembles wool, so curled is it"; and this was the first intimation they had of the existence of the bison. But they always spoke of them as *vacas* (cows).

On the 19th of May, 1541, Coronado's command met the first genuine Indians of the "plains," and saw their first buffalo, "of which the soldiers and cavaliers killed great numbers." The following quaint description is given of the "great plains" of Colorado and Kansas, over which the exhausted Spaniards wandered after the treachery of "Il Surco":

"From Cicuye they went to Quivira, almost three hundred leagues distant, through mighty plains and sandy heaths so smooth and wearisome and bare of wood that they made heaps of ox dung, for want of stones and trees, that they might not lose themselves at their return; for three horses were lost on that plain, and one Spaniard, which went from his company on hunting.

"All that way of plains are as full of crooked-back oxen as the mountain Serrena in Spain is of sheep, but there is no such people as keep those cattle. They were a great succor for the hungry and want of bread which our people stood in need of.

"One day it rained in that plain a great shower of hail as big as oranges, which caused many tears, weakness, and bowes.

"All the way between Cicuye and Quivira is a vast plain without trees or stones, and hath but few and small towns. The men clothe themselves with leather; and the women, which are esteemed for their long locks, cover their heads with the same!

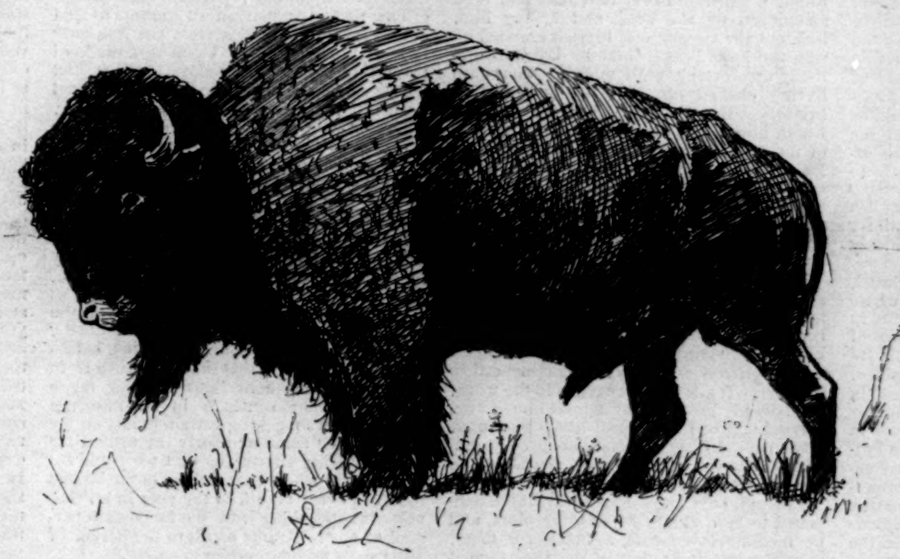
"They have no bread or any kind of grain, as they say, which I accounted a very great matter. Their chief food is flesh, and that oftentimes they eat raw, either of custom or for lack of wood. They eat the fat as they take it out of the ox, and drink the blood hot, and do not die withal, though the ancient writers say that it killeth, as Empedocles and others affirmed. They drink it also cold, dissolved in water.

"They seethe not the flesh, for lack of pots, but roast it—or, to say more properly, warm it—at fire of cows-dung; when they chaw their meat but little, and raven up much, and holding the flesh with their teeth, they cut it with razors of stone, which seemeth to be great bestiality, but such is their manner of living and fashion.

"They go together in companies, and move from one place to another, as the wild Moors of Barbary called Alarbes do, following the seasons and the pastures after their cows.

"These cows are of the bigness and color of our bulls, but their bones are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore-shoulder, and more hair on their fore-part than on their hinder-part, and it is like wool. They have, as it were, an horse-mane upon their backbone, and much hair, and very long, from their knees downward. They have great tufts of hair hanging down their foreheads, and it seemeth they have beards, because of the great store of hair hanging down at their chins and throats.

"The males have very long tails, and a great knob or flock at the end, so that in some respects they resemble the lion, and in some other the camel. They push with their horns, they run, they overtake an horse when they are in their rage and anger. Finally, it is a foul and fierce beaste of countenance and form of body. The horses fled from them, either because of their deformed shape, or else because they had never before seen them.



SIX-YEAR-OLD BULL.

"Their masters have no other riches or substance. Of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shoe themselves; and of their hides they make many things, as houses, shoes, and apparel and ropes; of their bones they make bodkins; of their sinews and hair, thread; of their horns, maws, and bladders, vessels; of their dung, fire; and of their calves' skins, budgets, wherein they draw and keep water. To be short, they make as many things of them as they have need of, or as many as suffice them in the use of this life."*

But for the foresight of one man, the buffalo would be as absolutely extinct as the dodo or "great auk." In fact, there are none running wild in all the vast region—once their habitat—extending from the British possessions to the border of Mexico. Last year thirteen were discovered in Wyoming Territory, eight of which were captured, but five of those died in a few months; so it is fair to presume that none could be found now from the Yellowstone to the Canadian. Fortunately, in 1884, Hon. C. J. Jones, of Garden City, Kansas, an old hunter, began to realize the fact that it was only a question of two or three years before there would be none left, and the idea suggested itself to him that it might be profitable to raise them for domestic purposes, and his experiment has been highly successful financially.

It seems impossible, especially to any one who has seen them apparently as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore feeding on their immense natural pastures, that they could ever become extinct; for when we look back only seventeen years, and remember in what numbers they roamed, even as far east as Fort Harker, in central Kansas, we naturally ask ourselves, "Have they really all disappeared?" Some idea of how many there must have been at one time may be formed of those killed from 1868 to 1881—a period of only thirteen years, during which they were indiscriminately slaughtered for their hides. In Kansas alone there was paid out, between the dates specified, *two million five hundred thousand dollars* for their bones gathered on the prairies, to be used by the various carbon-works of the country, principally in St. Louis. It required about one hundred carcasses to make one ton, the price averaging eight dollars a ton, equalling over thirty-one millions of buffalo in only thirteen years!

These figures may appear preposterous to those not familiar with the great plains twenty-five years ago, but to those who have seen the prairie black from horizon to horizon with the shaggy monsters, they are not so appalling. In 1868 I rode through one single herd for three consecutive days, which must have contained at least four millions; and in the spring of 1869 the train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was delayed, at a point between Fort Harker and Fort Hays, from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the evening before it could proceed, in consequence of a herd crossing the track in front of it! On each side of us, and to the west as far as we could see—our vision was only limited by the extended horizon of the flat prairie—the whole

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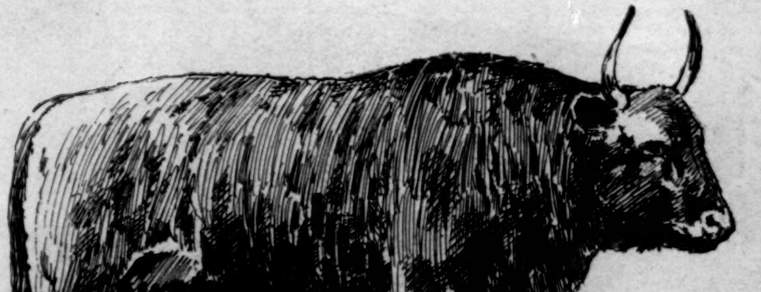
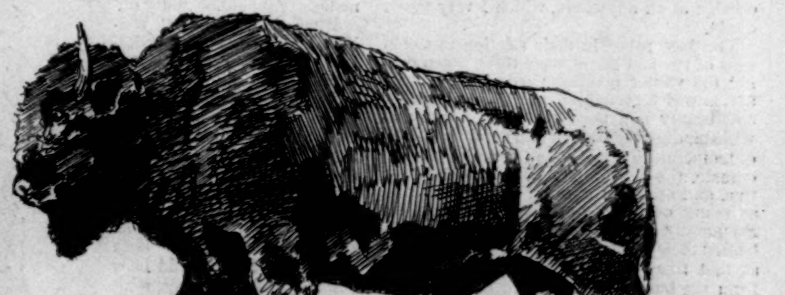
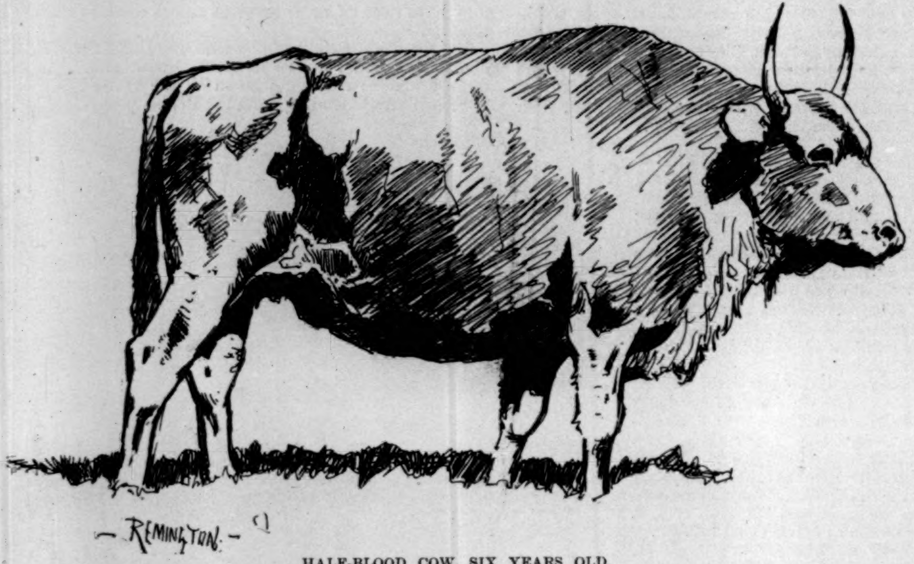
* *Hakluyt's Voyages*, Vol. III. London, 1600.



HALF-BLOODED BUFFALO COW, SEVEN YEARS OLD.



FOUR-YEAR-OLD BULL, THREE-FOURTHS BUFFALO.



HALF-BLOOD COW, SIX YEARS OLD.

vast area was black with the surging mass of frightened buffaloes as they rushed onward to the south. How long the herd had been moving in that direction before the arrival of our train, or how many of the huge animals it contained, I cannot form the slightest conception.

In 1868 the Union Pacific Railroad and its branch in Kansas was completed across the plains to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains—the western limit of the buffalo range—and that year witnessed the inauguration of the wholesale and wanton slaughter of the great ruminants, ending only with their practical extinction in 1885, by regular hunters for their hides, and by the crowds of tourists who crossed the continent for mere pleasure and sport, then made possible by the advent of the "iron trail"; these latter heartlessly killed for the excitement of the novel experience, often never even touching a particle of the flesh, or possessing themselves of a single robe as they rode along at a slow rate of speed. The former, numbering thousands of old frontiersmen, all expert shots, and as many novices—the pioneer settlers on the "public domain" just opened under the various land laws—from beyond the Platte to far south of the Arkansas, within transporting distance of the two roads, day after day for years made it a lucrative business to kill for robes only, a market for which had suddenly sprung up all over the country.

On either side of the lines of the railroad, within close range for nearly their whole distance, the most conspicuous objects in those days were the desiccated carcasses of the noble beasts that had been ruthlessly slaughtered by the thoughtless and excited passengers *en route* across the continent. On the open prairie, too, miles away from the course of legitimate travel, one could walk in places all day on the dead bodies of the buffaloes, killed by the hide-hunters, without stepping on the ground! Then was the opportunity for Congress to interpose. Restricting the transportation of robes by the railroads and express companies could have saved the buffalo from extinction. I believe there was some absurd law enacted in relation to preventing the terrible slaughter, but it made it only a misdemeanor on the part of the hunter to kill—about as effective a provision, so far as the average plainsman was concerned, as to attempt to deflect a tornado with a palm-leaf fan. The price of robes ranged all the way from fifty cents—the amount paid primarily—to two dollars and a half as they became scarcer. I have bought many a finely tanned and ornamented "silk robe" from the Indians for half a loaf of bread or a cupful of sugar; but that was twenty-five years ago. To-day the same kind would easily bring one hundred and fifty dollars, if procurable at all anywhere, which I very much doubt.

The best robes, in their relation to thickness of fur and lustre, were those taken during the winter months, particularly February, at which period the maximum of density and beauty had been reached. Then, notwithstanding the sudden and fitful variations of temperature incident to the mid-continent climate, the old hunters were especially active, and accepted unusual risks to procure as many of the coveted skins as possible. Frequently some ludicrous experiences attended their incursions into the buffalo range at that time, which of course was remote from the border settlements. A temporary camp would be established under the friendly shelter of some timbered stream, from which the hunters would radiate every morning, and return at night after an arduous day's work, where, around the fire of blazing logs, they would smoke their pipes and relate their varied adventures.

Sometimes when far away from camp a blizzard would come down from the north in all its fury without an hour's notice, and in a few moments the air full of blinding snow precluded the possibility of finding the direction of their shelter, which, if attempted, would only result in an aimless circular march on the broad prairie. So, on occasions of this kind, to keep from perishing by the intense cold, they killed a buffalo, and taking out its viscera, crept inside the huge carcass, enough animal heat being retained until the storm abated sufficiently for them to proceed with safety to their camp.

Early in March, 1867, a party of friends, all old buffalo-hunters, now living and prominent citizens of Wichita and Great Bend, in Kansas, were camped in Paradise Valley, then a famous rendezvous of the animals they were after. One day, when out on the range stalking, and widely separated from each other, an awful blizzard came up. Three reached camp without much difficulty, but he who was the furthest away was fairly caught in it, and night coming on, was compelled to resort to the method described in the preceding paragraph. Luckily he soon found a superannuated bull that had been abandoned by the herd, and killing him, took out the viscera, and himself crawled inside the huge beast, where he lay comparatively comfortable until morning, the storm having cleared off, and the sun shining brightly. But when he attempted to get out, found himself a prisoner, the immense ribs of the creature having frozen together, and locked him up as tightly as if he were in a cell. Fortunately his friends, who were searching for him and firing off their rifles—which he heard, and yelled out to them—discovered and released him from his peculiar predicament.

At another time two old plains-men were away up the Platte among the foot-hills hunting buffalo, and they, as is generally the case, became separated. In an hour or two one killed a fat young cow, and, leaving his rifle on the ground, went up and commenced to skin her. While busily engaged in the work, he suddenly heard, right behind him, a suppressed sort of a snort, and looking around, saw to his dismay a monstrous grizzly, ambling along in that animal's characteristic manner, within a few feet of him.

In front, only a few rods away, there happened to be a clump of scrubby pines, and he incontinently made a break for them, climbing into the tallest in less time than it requires to write of it. The bear deliberately ate a hearty meal off the cow, and when he had satiated himself, quietly lay down alongside of the carcass and went to sleep, keeping one eye probably on the hunter corralled in the tree. In the early evening his partner came to the spot, killed the bear, which, full of buffalo, was sluggish and unwary, and became an easy victim, and the unwilling prisoner came down from his perch. The last time I saw him he told me he still had the bear's hide, which he kept as a memento of his foolishness in separating himself from his rifle, a thing he had never done before nor since, and which no hunter should be guilty of.

It was in 1867–8 that William Matthewson, now a rich banker of Wichita, earned his sobriquet of "Buffalo Bill"—the first to have that appellation attached to his name—as did also William F. Cody, the world-renowned frontiersman bearing the same. How many of the animals whose distinctive title has been forced upon the two gentlemen mentioned have been killed by them it would be a difficult matter to approximate even, but that it would reach four or five figures I have no doubt.

Hon. C. J. Jones, of Garden City, Kansas, sometimes, in the easy manners of the West, called "Buffalo Jones," probably is as familiar with the habits of the bison in its natural condition, through the experience and careful study of nearly a lifetime, as any living man. He is a veteran plains-man, well educated, and has represented his county in the Legislature three times. He is also the progenitor of that system of irrigation for the western portion of the State which has been such a marked success, and completely revolutionized the methods of agriculture in that occasional semi-arid region of Kansas. For years he was an energetic and persistent buffalo-hunter during that period when the great ruminant was ruthlessly and wantonly slaughtered for his hide, as I have hurriedly described. He was an expert shot, a shrewd observer, and the inventor, so to speak, of that method of stalking the buffalo afterward adopted so universally, or "corralling the animals on the open prairie," as it is designated. This was accomplished by a close study of the instincts of the beasts, and acting upon them as follows: As soon as a herd was observed in the distance, an effort was made by the hunter to place himself in position in front of it in the direction it was travelling, so that the animals would come within about twenty rods of him in their attempt to pass by. The hunter then shot the leader of the herd—generally a cow—through the heart, thus stopping her instantly. The old bulls were always lazy, and usually lagged behind. The moment the leader dropped on the prairie, the herd would fall back in the direction from which it had come for about one hundred yards, then halt, turn around simultaneously, and appear to look for the cause of its alarm and danger. Presently another cow, taking upon herself the office of leader, would essay a passage on one side or the other of her dead fellow, the herd following cautiously. Then the hunter would kill her as he had the first, and all the buffaloes would again "fall back on their tracks," and bunch themselves up closely. After a while another cow perhaps mustered up courage to lead out on the opposite side from the last, only to meet the same fate. Upon this, the herd invariably huddled very close together, and on the same ground where it had "bunched itself up" at the death of the original leader. This apparently strange series of movements is caused by the fact that the buffaloes would never retrace their steps except within very circumscribed limits, as I have shown. They instinctively must move ahead in the direction originally started for, as if there was some migratory force behind them, controlling them as birds are controlled when ready to leave for other climes in the autumn, though the buffalo could not be classed as migratory in the rigid acceptation of the term. My own observation of their habits, after thirty-two years on the plains, led to the belief, however, that they did move from the extreme northern limit of their range to the extreme southern in an immense ellipse, always reaching certain points on the plains at the same or nearly the same time each recurring season; so that we could invariably tell where to find them in the largest numbers every month of the year in all that vast area stretching from the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude south to the border of Mexico—a mighty empire in extent.

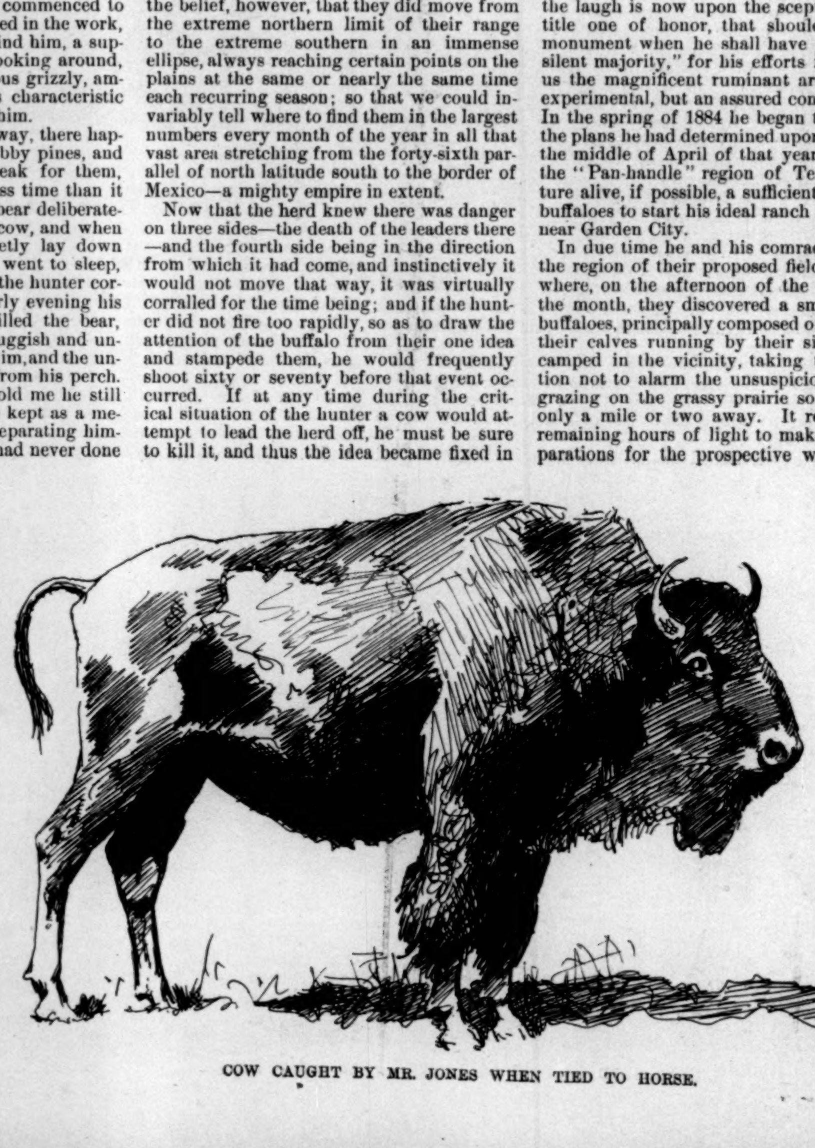
Now that the herd knew there was danger on three sides—the death of the leaders there—and the fourth side being in the direction from which it had come, and instinctively it would not move that way, it was virtually corralled for the time being; and if the hunter did not fire too rapidly, so as to draw the attention of the buffalo from their one idea and stampede them, he would frequently shoot sixty or seventy before that event occurred. If at any time during the critical situation of the hunter a cow would attempt to lead the herd off, he must be sure to kill it, and thus the idea became fixed in the shaggy heads of the others apparently that it was sure death to essay a move, and as long as the idea controlled, it was no trouble to kill a great number out of the same herd, and as easy as if they had been fenced in in a limited area.

In the winter of 1871–2 Mr. Jones killed thousands of buffaloes for a syndicate of Western farmers, for the hides of which he received fifty cents apiece; but he simply did the shooting, and those to whom he sold did the skinning very hurriedly in the following novel manner. the hide was cut down the whole length of the animal's belly, split along the legs for a short distance, and around the whole circumference of the neck close up to the skull as possible, at which point it was slipped back a little way by the hands; then looping a rope to that end, to which a team of horses was attached, and another team hitched to the horns, at the word "Go," the animal was divested of its beautiful robe as easily and rapidly as pulling off one's stocking.

When a load had been collected, it was transported to some station on the railroad, usually Fort Hays or Fort Wallace, on the Kansas Pacific, and sold to buyers for the Eastern markets there at an average of two dollars and a half per hide. The denuded carcasses were left where they fell for the wolves and the red-wattled buzzards to batten on, and the bones to bleach on the wintry prairie until gathered sooner or later by the pioneer homesteader, carried more than two hundred miles frequently to some point on one of the two railroads in the State where purchasers were located, and sold to be utilized in refining sugar, after having been transmuted into carbon at St. Louis, or some other city where works of that character were established. Of the importance of this novel industry from a financial stand-point to the poor pioneer settlers on the mid-continent plains, I have above written.

In 1883, when the buffaloes became so scarce that it would not pay to hunt them any longer for their hides, because of the immense distance one had to travel from lines of transportation to find any, and the once great industry was virtually abandoned, the idea of Mr. Jones, as I have previously stated, "that it might be profitable to raise them for domestic purposes, and thus prevent their absolute extinction, which was only a question of a very short time," came to him like an inspiration. In fact, but for his energy and persistency, under difficulties that would have deterred the ordinary man, in developing his plans, there would be no buffaloes on the American Continent to-day, for they practically became extinct in their native condition in 1885, only a year subsequent to his successful attempt to rescue them from oblivion. Of course the development of his idea on the subject was purely tentative, and regarded by other old plainsmen as chimerical to a degree of absurdity, and when he began to stock his ranch six years ago he was laughed at for his pains, and derisively called "Buffalo Jones"; but the laugh is now upon the sceptics, and the title one of honor, that should grace his monument when he shall have joined "the silent majority," for his efforts in saving to us the magnificent ruminant are no longer experimental, but an assured consummation. In the spring of 1884 he began to carry out the plans he had determined upon, and about the middle of April of that year started for the "Pan-handle" region of Texas to capture alive, if possible, a sufficient number of buffaloes to start his ideal ranch at his home near Garden City.

In due time he and his comrades reached the region of their proposed field of action, where, on the afternoon of the thirtieth of the month, they discovered a small herd of buffaloes, principally composed of cows, with their calves running by their sides. They camped in the vicinity, taking the precaution not to alarm the unsuspicious animals grazing on the grassy prairie so peacefully only a mile or two away. It required the remaining hours of light to make their preparations for the prospective work of the



COW CAUGHT BY MR. JONES WHEN TIED TO HORSE.

next day, and that night, by a fire of blazing logs—for it was still cool thus early in the season—Mr. Jones read aloud to his companions from a volume of Tennyson he had brought with him to beguile the weary hours of evening, "The May Queen," which finishing, they discussed the question—there being no ladies present—of who was to be "The King of May," or the "Lucky Knight," on the morrow, leaving the interrogatory to be answered by future developments as they rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep under the brilliancy of the matchless intra-continent sky. The morning came clear and chilly, as usual at that portion of the year, and by the time the sun had sufficiently illuminated the broad prairie spreading out before them and breakfast out of the way, they were mounted, and, with lariats well "in hand," were on their way to the small herd, now lying down and quietly ruminating their morning meal in the distant purple haze.

Approaching them stealthily—the horses had been through a severe course of training during several previous years, and understood perfectly what was expected of them—they reached the still unsuspecting herd, and the active work, requiring considerable courage and coolness, commenced. The lariats flew in all directions after the calves, who ran close to their mothers in the terribly exciting chase now fully inaugurated, and in a short time several of the coveted young animals were secured—really much better success than was anticipated—but both horses and men being veteran buffalo-hunters, it is easily accounted for; with novices the result would have been a dismal failure and fraught with disaster. As it was, Mr. Jones came near losing his own life and that of his well-trained horse, which would certainly have happened but for his personal coolness and expertness as a shot.

While contending for the mastership with one of the most pugnacious of the heifer calves, he fastened the end of the lariat around the neck of his horse—the other end was around that of the calf—and while thus partially handicapped by the efforts of the struggling beast, the terribly infuriated mother, wild with the promptings of the maternal instinct, charged again and again upon the now frightened and fractious horse, and had it not been for a well-directed shot from Jones's revolver at an opportune moment, both horse and rider would have been tumbled on the prairie, and gored or trampled to death by the sharp horns or hoofs of the enraged cow. Mr. Jones, in writing about it to his family at home, said: "Fearing my fractious horse would escape while hobbling the calves, I tied one end of the lasso around his neck, which came near costing the destruction of both horse and rider, as the infuriated cow pursued me with a determination often read of in dime novels, but never before experienced. But my trusty revolver saved the day. I was declared the Lucky Knight, and the calf was named the May Queen." May Queen, now over five years old, is still the "leader" of the herd—a beautiful animal and a perfect picture. At the end of that year, eight months after his first experience in catching the live calves, Mr. Jones only succeeded in raising four. The reason for the great mortality among them he soon discovered by experience. He says that the buffalo is a curiously endowed animal, and if captured after they are three months old, cannot be raised, no matter how much care is bestowed upon them. Taken when at that age, attempted domestication is fatal. They seem to possess the power to *will* to die, which they invariably do, apparently from pure chagrin, or "broken-heartedness." Caught younger than three months, they are placed with the domestic cows, and if they suck, they thrive from the start, and there is no further danger of losing them. At first he found it difficult to raise them at all, because of a lack of understanding of their nature, and during his initial year, 1884, he lost fifty per cent.; the second year he raised seven; the third, thirty-two; and after that found no trouble in saving ninety per cent., until he soon was possessed of a herd of eighty. This year his increase is twenty-one full-blooded calves, besides many others of half, quarter, and eighth bloods. He has sold off during the past two years a large number of bulls to parks and menageries at prices ranging from three hundred to seven hundred dollars, according to age. Some time ago he purchased the famous Manitoba herd, comprising sixty full-bloods and several grades.

The cows are more valuable than bulls. Mr. Jones has disposed of several of the former—full-bloods—at from $500 to $800 apiece. He also has now in his magnificent herd many quarter, half, three-quarter, seventh-eighth, and fifteen-sixteenth grades. The seven-eighths is a splendid animal, with a remarkably fine coat of fur.

The crosses with black cattle produce exceedingly fine robes. They are as handsome as seal-skins. Although not so fine and delicate, they are far superior to the best of buffalo-robes. Mr. Jones was offered $280 for one robe. The offer came from Mrs. George Foster, wife of the Minister of Finance of Canada, after personal inspection. They also carry at least 200 pounds of the choicest meat on the lump. This is cut into sirloin and porter-house steaks, and brings fifty cents per pound quite readily. The great advantage is their hardiness and capability of caring for themselves during all kinds of weather. The blizzards of Manitoba, with thermometer at fifty degrees below zero, did not disturb them in the least.

No one who ever saw them will deny but they are well-proportioned for meat-bearing animals, and it is to be hoped that the experiment will result in a race of cattle fitted for our vast arid plains, where experience has taught us native cattle cannot succeed. Yes, the original buffalo is good enough for any and all purposes. The very fact that buffalo meat was in former years condemned does not imply that by domesticating and keeping them quiet on plenty of good pasture they will always yield the old tough beef, full of muscles, sinews, and cords. In fact, it has been demonstrated that by making steers of the calves they grow up to magnificent bullocks, with meat as tender as any beef known to mankind, and more delicious.

The buffalo, as is well known by those who are acquainted with him, is possessed of a very soft long covering of hair, which he sheds annually, yielding from eight to ten pounds. This Mr. Jones saves by putting them into a shute at the proper season and plucking off, which he intends to have woven into different kinds of cloth and outside wraps for ladies by way of experiment, believing it will make a novel and handsome fabric.

Those animals that have been reared in the extreme North grow very much larger than those reared further south, frequently weighing 2500 pounds, with magnificent heads and horns—the latter eagerly sought after by museums and connoisseurs, bringing from two hundred to five hundred dollars apiece when mounted. The meat of the domesticated buffalo is as tender and juicy as the choicest beef, retaining perfectly its characteristic flavor in all its primitive deliciousness, which few people of this generation know anything about, for that which began to find its way into the Eastern markets at the time of the advent of the transcontinental railroads twenty years ago, with rare exceptions, was the flesh of superannuated bulls or old cows—nothing but tough muscles and stringy sinews.

Mr. Jones has, by crossing the buffalo with the various strains of domestic cattle, *created*, as it were, five distinct breeds, whose hardihood is remarkable; they care no more for the most violent blizzard than the mild-eyed Jersey, basking in the shade of the "home lot," does for the gentlest June zephyr; initiating a revolution in stock-raising in the high latitudes of the central continent that will be marvellous in after-years in results. He has sold a half interest in his noble herd to a syndicate for $75,000 cash; the purpose of the syndicate, whose capital is $200,000, is to continue Mr. Jones's experiments—or rather plans, for they are no longer experimental—on an extended scale.

Since the above was written Mr. Jones has moved all his herd bought in Manitoba to the famous bathing resort near Salt Lake City—Garfield City. They are to be kept on free exhibition for the recreation of all visitors. He will devote a great part of his time gathering other wild animals to add to his collection, which consists of buffalo, elk, deer, moose, etc. He secured ten silver-gray foxes from Athabaska and Mackenzie rivers, and is breeding them for their furs. Garfield City is situated on the Great Salt Lake, and is likely to become a popular summer residence for those seeking health and comfort in the West.

HENRY INMAN.

SCENES ABOUT LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.

WITH the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains as a background, the city of Las Vegas, "The Meadows," lies on an open plain on both sides of the pleasant rippling Rio Gallinas. It is the shire town of San Miguel, a county devoted mainly to stock-raising, and is an important distributing point for the cattle ranches of all eastern New Mexico. It contains over six thousand inhabitants, and though to the eye it is one community, it comprises two distinct towns—Las Vegas and East Las Vegas. The old town on the west bank is built about a plaza, from the four corners of which narrow streets lead out upon the plains or to the mountains. The plaza itself, with the business blocks about it and the park in its centre, green with trees and alfalfa, wears a modern aspect, but near at hand, on the narrow streets and alleys that environ it, are found the residences of the poorer class of the native people, in the shape of flat-roofed one-story adobe houses, with here and there the extensive, well-furnished residence of a wealthy Mexican.

In the east town the buildings are wholly of modern construction; there is a municipal government, and the appearance of the city is that of thriving new communities generally in the far-western States. Here are situated the railroad station, most of the hotels, and the great commission houses which in the days of the Santa Fe trail, before the coming of the railroad, supplied New Mexico with goods and marketed its products. There are two of these establishments, Browne & Manzanares, successors to Chick, Browne, & Company, and Gross & Blackwell, successors to Otero, Sellar, & Company; and in the time of the older firms the wagon trains fitted out by them were to be seen on every trail in the Southwestern Territories. The extension of railroads over the region, and the building up of new towns along their track, have created new supply points connecting directly with the East, and this circumstance has in a measure restricted the field of operations of these great firms, but in losing some of their distant trade they have been more than compensated by added local business. It is an interesting sight to walk through the length of one of their immense warehouses and see the vast stock of goods of every description, "from a steam-engine to a jews-harp," for which there is a demand in the Territory, and, adjoining the building, the open sheds and yards filled with wagons and all kinds of agricultural implements. The two towns contain several banks, manufacturing establishments of various kinds, churches of several denominations, and have, for the region in which they lie, unusually good educational facilities. There are several newspapers, including the *Optic*, a bright, well-edited daily paper.

Above and below Las Vegas are level fields, watered by irrigating ditches, and divided by embankments into little squares, into which the water is turned and retained until it soaks into the ground. Las Vegas was founded in 1835 by a party of emigrants from more westerly Mexican towns, comprising nearly forty families, to whom, and "to those who should come after them," the Mexican government gave a tract of land about thirty miles square, known as the Las Vegas grant, which in recent times has become very valuable, and the subject of much contention as to its precise ownership.

For half a century this town stood as an outpost on the plains—the first civilized point reached by the Santa Fe caravans after their long journey of eight hundred miles across the prairies. It has always been a thriving and, for the times in which it has existed, an orderly community. With the coming of the railroad it had a period, indispensable to a certain stage in the progress of a rapidly growing far-western community, in which it was overrun by gamblers and desperadoes. But whenever violence and ruffianism increased beyond the control of the lawful authorities its famous vigilance committee took the matter in hand, and soon purified the moral atmosphere by measures that tended to permanently reduce the undesirable element of the population. At an early day a windmill stood in the centre of the plaza, supported upon cross-beams which rested on four high posts; from these girders it was no unusual morning sight to see one or two men hanging, and on special occasions even three or four. But those times are long past. The windmill was taken down more than ten years ago, and it would be hard to find a more quiet and law-abiding community anywhere in the far West than the Las Vegas of to-day.

The type of faces and costumes that one sees about the streets is largely American, plentifully intermingled with Mexicans in sombreros, and occasionally there may be seen, draped with the *rebozo*, the dark handsome face of a Mexican girl attired after the fashion of the old time. The Mexican population of Las Vegas have adopted the dress and costumes of "the States" perhaps more generally than has been the case in any other New Mexican community. In the public square one still sees the trains of burros standing with their loads of fagots brought in from the mountain—pine sticks tied in a long bundle which lies across the back and hangs down on each side of the little beast. In this quaint fashion the New Mexican towns are supplied with firewood.

Between Las Vegas and its famous hot springs, six miles above, on the Rio Gallinas, are three Mexican villages—Upper Las Vegas, Plaza Vigil, and Plaza Llano, which preserve to a great extent the primitiveness of the old times. Their flat-roofed adobe houses, built about a plaza, or clustering irregularly against the hill-side, are a soft pleasant brown in tint, and, owing to the thickness of their walls, are cool in summer and warm in winter. The clay floors are kept scrupulously clean, and to the passer-by the interior looks neat and inviting. In the residences of an early type there are but few articles of furniture, although the walls are always decorated with gaudy pictures of saints and Madonnas; but since the coming of the railroad there has been a great change in the interior furnishing of these houses, most of which have adopted to a considerable extent the fashion of houses of the same class in the East.

In the corner of these humble homes, beneath the broad chimney, is an adobe fireplace, in which in cold weather a bright fire of pinon-wood often crackles. Outside of the walls a characteristic feature of the country is the great conical oven, wherein is done the family baking; and at times, when these structures are not in use, the entrance is walled up with stones to keep out the intruding hens and dogs, which find its interior an attractive abiding-place. In these little communities the inhabitants usually lead their lives without much care, laboring only sufficiently to support themselves with the simplest necessaries of existence, and borrowing no trouble for the morrow; and they enjoy perhaps more happiness than people in general do under more complex and enlightened conditions. But many of the poorer Mexicans under the new conditions of things brought about by the coming of the railroad have displayed a considerable capacity to work steadily, and have shown an ambition to accumulate property and to improve their condition. Conspicuous among the smaller houses of these little hamlets are the habitations of the wealthy people of Mexican descent. Of this class of structures is the fine residence of the Hon. F. A. Manzanares, with the orchard, lawns, and fish-pond, seen from the train as it passes Upper Las Vegas.

An unfailing attendant about the houses of the poorer Mexicans is the burro, or donkey, who stands somewhat on the footing of a member of the family. He toils indefatigably for his master when that person takes it into his head to work, and at leisure times is content to find his living in such scanty grazing as is afforded by the arid plains and hill-sides. He is regarded by the master with a touch of superstitious reverence, owing to the darkened lines in the form of a cross which he usually bears between his shoulders—a mark which the Mexicans ascribe to the circumstance that it was upon one of these animals that the Saviour rode when he entered the gates of Jerusalem.

The prevailing religion of New Mexico is the Catholic, although in the larger towns churches of nearly every denomination exist. In many of the remote villages there are societies of a peculiar fanatical order of flagellants known as Penitentes, who on Good Friday practice great austerities; they whip themselves with rods, scourges, and even with branches of cactus, walk barefoot over sharp stones, bear huge crosses to the tops of mountains, and in similar ways endeavor to atone for their misdeeds of the year. Their practices combine some of the superstitions derived from their Indian ancestry with the established rites of the Catholic Church, and are so violent and sanguinary that they are discouraged, and even expressly forbidden, by the Archbishop of New Mexico. The Penitentes formerly marched in processions in open day, but under the changed conditions of later years now perform their rites only in secret, making, under cover of darkness, their pilgrimage to some cross standing on an eminence or on the level prairie. In many of these villages, or in some retired locality near them, may be seen a building, often entirely without windows, devoted to the meetings of this fanatical order of religionists.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

I PITY MY SOUL FOR ITS SORROW.

I PITY my soul for its sorrow;
  I hate my heart for its care;
I wish there was never a morrow;
  I would there was never a where.
O Time, in the ringing of changes,
  Leave out the knell of that day;
O Place, wherever it ranges,
  My foot from the boundary stay!
For I would that the dream I am dreaming
  Should go with me down to my death,
And the idyl of infinite seeming
  Keep up with the drawing of breath.
For I pity my soul with its sorrow,
  And I hate my heart with its care;
I wish there was never a morrow,
  I would there was never a where.

CHARLES HENRY HAYNES.

TAKING AN ESQUIMAU PILOT.

THE Esquimau pilot is of his boat not a thing apart. So closely is he identified with it when on duty that his *caiak* becomes really a part of himself, or rather of his outer garment, to which it is attached. After an Esquimau has placed his *caiak* in the water and has seated himself therein (an operation, by-the-way, which many Europeans have tried and failed to accomplish), he securely fastens the edge of his *capadek* (an outer garment) to the wooden ring which forms the periphery of the cockpit, thus making a perfect seal, and preventing the swamping of the boat by heavy seas. The boats used by the Esquimaux are about seventeen feet in length and two feet in width. They have no keel, being half an octagon in shape. The prows are fitted with whalebone to protect from floating ice. The paddles used are made of drift-wood, and are sometimes ornamented with bone tops. Without his paddles the Esquimau in his *caiak* is helpless. Notwithstanding an almost constant life upon the water, but few of them can swim. The rapidity with which an Esquimau will propel his boat through the water is almost incredible, it being not unusual for them to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. Frequently, when at full speed, they will, for a small consideration, make with their boats three complete revolutions in the water, and continue their course without perceptibly decreasing their momentum. At the firing of a gun from a ship requiring a pilot, they may be seen paddling toward the vessel, always in pairs or threes. When the vessel is "brought to," the pilot selected paddles to the leeward, at a point between the fore and main mast. Two sailors then take the bight of a rope; this is lowered into the water, and the pilot propels his *caiak* over the submerged loop. Another loop is lowered over the stern, and a third, or steadying rope, is lowered to the pilot. The boat is then hoisted to the rail of the vessel, where the pilot is stripped of his *caiak*, and is ready to assume his duties. The Esquimau is formidable only above his loins. The cramped position he occupies in his boat makes him bow-legged, and when attacked below the waist, he is easily placed *hors de combat*. He is remarkably superstitious, but among his fellows has a reputation for honesty, which unfortunately resembles that charity which begins at but extends no further than home.

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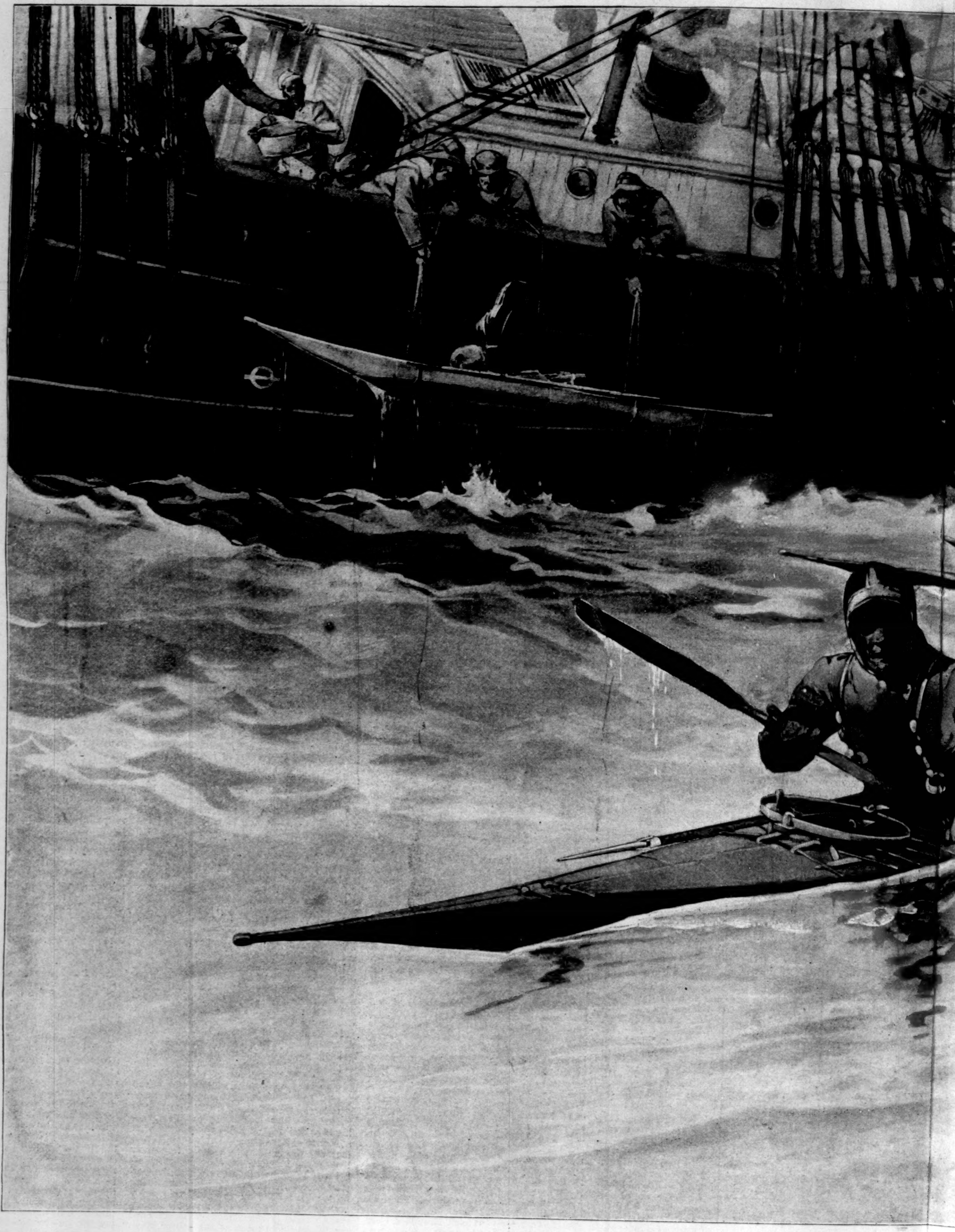
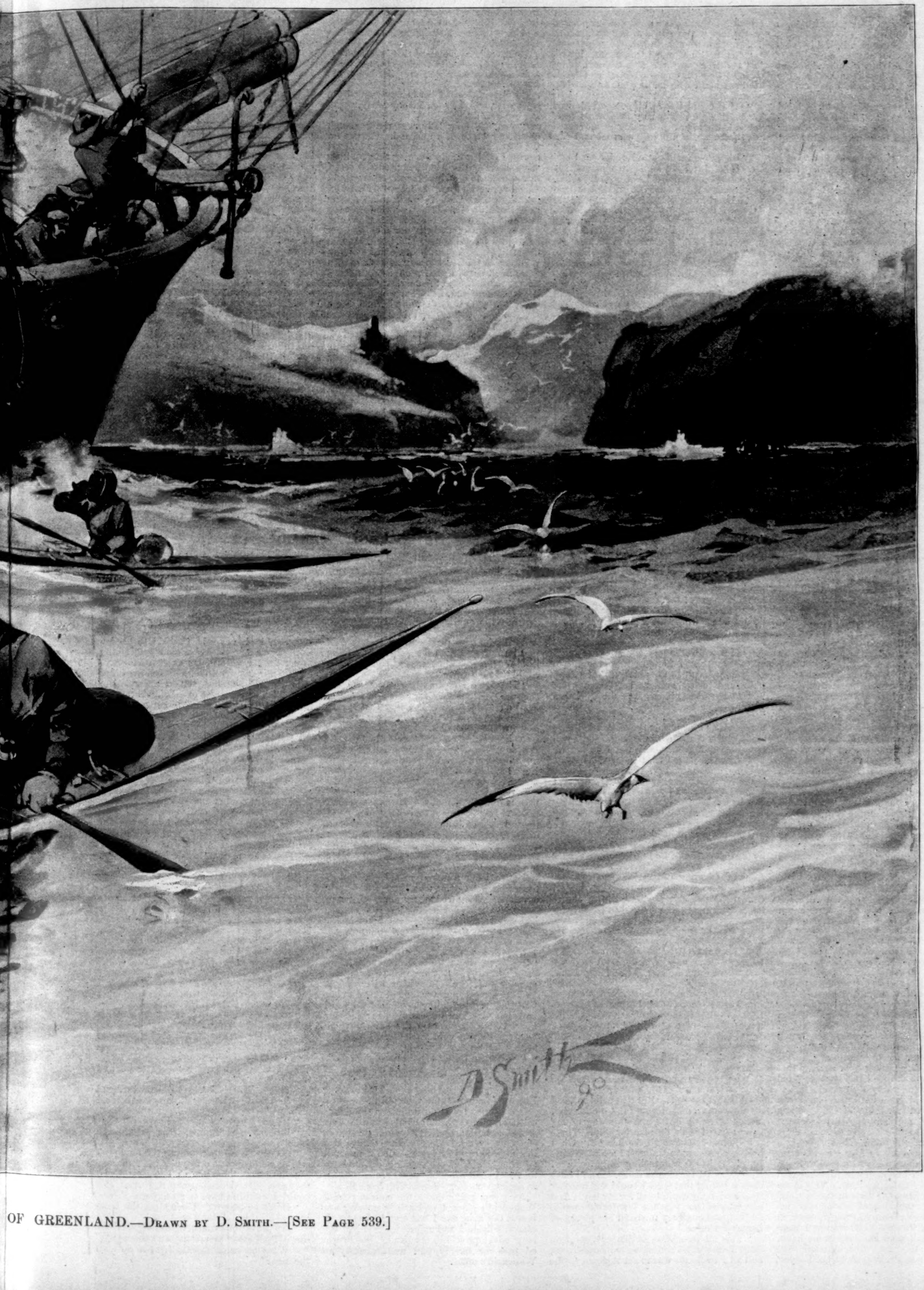


TAKING A PILOT ABOARD ON THE COAST OF



OF GREENLAND.—DRAWN BY D. SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 539.]

A FAIR CLIENT.

I.

I WENT into Wakefield's office one day, just as he was showing a lady out of his private room. She was tall and graceful. Her face was concealed by a heavy veil, leaving her features to be guessed at. She had a good voice, at any rate, low and firm, and it expressed no little emotion as she said at the door,

"I shall never forget your great kindness to me all through."

"I beg you not to mention it," said Wakefield, deferentially.

She passed out, giving him her hand at parting. In her left hand she held a large envelope distended with some bulky enclosure.

"Well," said I, after Wakefield had led me in, "so effusive and so fair a client cannot come to your office every day. Your bill must have been unusually small to call out such gratitude, or perhaps you haven't presented it yet, and she doesn't know how much more marketable a commodity than thanks you are expecting."

"No; the bill's paid. It was rather small, to be sure. In most cases it certainly would have been much larger," said Wakefield, ruminatively, pulling at his cigar.

"Ah, something special, I see. But possibly you will yet present a supplementary bill; perhaps she will find you making an unexpected demand upon her affections."

Wakefield's frown cut short my weak attempt at raillery. It was a bad blunder to have tried it; years before he was to have been married to a charming girl whose life was lost in a railroad accident only a week before the wedding day. That was the cause of the profound melancholy that almost always rested upon my friend's face. He was the last man in the world to try a joke upon about his relations with women.

I was silent and half ashamed for a moment, and then I turned to the errand which had brought me to Wakefield's office. But he remained very abstracted, scarcely listening to me. Finally I grew a little impatient.

"If you're particularly busy to-day," I said, "I'll come back some other time about my affair. It's of small account."

"Why, no, don't go; I've nothing to do. The truth is, I can't so easily put that woman and her case out of my head. It's six months now, off and on, that I have been thrown into rather close and peculiar relations with her. I've a mind to tell you about the thing—that is, if you are not overwhelmed with business."

"Well, of course, you know that my time is worth about a thousand dollars an hour; but a good story is not to be had for that money, always, and besides it will heighten my one client's regard for me if I tell him that I talked over his case an hour with a distinguished lawyer like yourself. By Jove! now I think of it, I will put that in his bill. Unbosom yourself. I stretch out an unoccupied and sympathetic ear."

"Aren't you ever going to get over your college idea that that sort of thing is funny? Well, you are not such a fool as you pretend, and it is a singular case—at least it is something the like of which never occurred before in my practice. It is between six and seven months ago that I first made her acquaintance. Mrs. Emilia Dare, her name is. Rather, that was her name till yesterday. I secured her a decree of absolute divorce from her husband yesterday afternoon. She is to resume her maiden name—Emilia Ortiz y Espinosa."

"Spanish, eh?"

"Yes; Cuban. She was born in this country, however. Her father got into some political squabble, and was exiled."

"But I thought you didn't touch divorce cases."

"No more do I, as a rule; but this thing came to me in an altogether exceptional way. I got into the affair I scarcely know how, and had to see it through. You see, they came to take the apartments under mine, the Dares did, about six months ago, as I say. They had a young baby, as I soon discovered, and about the only thought I gave to the new tenants was that they might prove a good deal of a nuisance. Still, I must say the kid was an awfully jolly baby. I used to see him, with the nurse, in the hall and out in the park, and really soon got to be quite attached to the little beggar. You know I have always had a weakness for children, and ever since my own— Well, I believe the heathen came to know me, he would grin so outrageously when I appeared on his horizon. I dare say that I sometimes went through the usual fool antics with the youngster myself; I know I am weak in that direction. I speak of all this because it led to something afterward, as you will see.

"Well, about a month after they had come to the Elsinore, the hall-boy brought me in a card one night, and said the lady from the floor below was anxious to see me. It struck me as confoundedly strange, but I could do no less than respond. I supposed, of course, that she wanted me to go down to her rooms, and was surprised enough when the boy said that Mrs. Dare was at my door. You know what sort of a bachelor den I have there, and I didn't fancy the idea of having any woman, much less an entire stranger, come in to inspect my iniquities. However, I went out into the hall, with her card in my hand. She seemed to be considerably agitated. She asked me if I was Mr. Wakefield, the lawyer; and when I admitted the charge, she apologized profusely for troubling me, but said she extremely desired to consult me upon a matter of great importance to herself. I was ungracious enough to mutter something about business hours and my office.

"'Oh,' said she, 'I would not dare go to your office. I should be seen. I could not bear the shame.'

"I was somewhat startled by her abrupt manner, but could only say that, under the circumstances, I was at her service. I suggested that we go down to her apartments. This appeared to alarm her.

"'Oh no,' she urged, 'not that. I have just stolen away for a few minutes, and I thought that perhaps— Would you be so kind as to talk with me in your own sitting-room?'

"What could I do? Of course I showed her in, though with a very ill grace, I fear. When I asked her in what way I could serve her, she began, in a highly nervous and embarrassed manner:

"'I hope you will not misunderstand me, Mr. Wakefield; I am sure you will not. If you knew how much I have been troubled, how much I have wanted to consult a lawyer! But I knew none in the city—we are strangers here—and then I could not go to an office. You see— Well, you will see why I could not. Then I heard that you were a lawyer, and I liked your face, and Annie told me how kind you were to the baby; and so, altogether, I determined to see if you could not help me. Mr. Wakefield, I am very unhappy.'

"Imagine my feelings as she said that, and then proceeded to burst into a fit of violent crying. I suppose she is what would be called a pretty woman too—at least she has a delicate, refined face, and her form and carriage you yourself observed. It was a good deal of a strain upon my bachelor feelings, I assure you, to go up to my quarters, to smoke and laze at my ease, and then to be confronted with a case of hysterics! Of course I did my best to soothe and calm her. When her sobs had at last subsided, I asked her, as delicately as I could, if she was sure she had come to the right person; if it was not her pastor, or some old family friend, she ought to have gone to, and not a lawyer. She straightened up at that.

"'No,' she replied, with some emphasis; 'I am making no mistake. It has gone too far. If I am to get any help at all, it must be from the law. Then, besides, I have no friend or pastor to appeal to. I am alone here in this strange city with my child.'

"'You have a husband?' I suggested.

"'I am married,' she said, in a hard voice. 'But my husband—it's about him and his treatment of me that I want to speak to you.'

"I was hastening to tell her that I did not take cases of that sort; but she broke in on me impetuously:

"'You will help me—I know you will. I do not know what will come of it all, but I must do something. Things cannot go on like this.'

"'Is it a divorce you are thinking of?' I asked, bluntly. I thought it was better to bring her sharply to the point, if she had any point, and to let her see what that kind of talk really meant, if she was simply indulging in vague complainings.

"She did not seem as much startled as I expected. 'I have thought of that as a possibility, Mr. Wakefield,' she said, 'and I will not conceal it from you. But I do not see how that can be—at least not yet. I know nothing about the law. But as things are going— Well, I cannot talk of that. What I wanted to speak to you about is just this, has my husband a legal right to my property—I mean money—settled upon me by my father?'

"'Certainly not, madam,' I replied.

"'But can he compel me to use it for my own support? Can he refuse to provide for me, and tell me to use my own private income for family expenses?'

"'That is somewhat different,' I said. 'Of course the property is yours, and of course he, as your husband, is bound to provide for you. Still, it would be rather difficult to enforce that legal obligation in all cases. He might plead inability to earn a living.'

"'It's not that; he has a good income; but he spends it upon— Oh, I don't dare to tell you how I think he spends it. He gives me almost nothing.'

"'Well, you could undoubtedly compel him to give you a reasonable part of his earnings. Still, if it should appear that you had a competence of your own—'

"'I have $25,000 in 4 per cent. government bonds.'

"'Ah! Well, you see, you could hardly allege poverty in court, and the judge might at least require you to use the interest on your own money.'

"'Is that the law? But that is just what I do not want to do. Don't think me miserly, Mr. Wakefield; but I am thinking of my baby boy. I must provide for him. There is no hope of his father ever doing it. Oh, I have been saving my interest for him so carefully! It has been growing little by little. Every quarter the checks come. And I have been thinking that soon I could add another thousand to my capital—all for my boy. And now you tell me that the law forbids me to do that, although my husband has plenty of money for us all.'

"This all struck me as deucedly strange. Still, there was no mistaking her earnestness, and all I could do was to set it down to the strength of the maternal instinct. It was easy to see, of course, that she had lost all love for her husband. It seemed as if all the affection of her nature was bound up in that baby of hers—the creature wasn't yet a year old—and that she was brooding over his future with an anxiety that made her appear avaricious. I did the best I could for her, assuring her that her husband had not the shadow of a right to her money. This seemed to give her a good deal of satisfaction. As to other things, I urged her to be patient, and hope that her husband might change for the better.

"'There is no chance of that,' she said, bitterly. 'He has lost all his love for me. Oh, how thankful I am that my poor father did not live to see this!'

"I offered to serve her in any way within my power, and she soon left my room, thanking me warmly.

"Well, the poor lady was right enough about her brute of a husband. He was on the down grade, and going pretty fast. Of course I couldn't help noticing things a little more closely, after what had occurred, and I saw enough to convince me that there could be only one ending. I believe he used to beat her when he came home drunk. At any rate, I used to hear shrieks, or what sounded like them. Once he mistook the floor, and blundered out of the elevator and into my room in a fearful state. I had to pilot him down to his own apartments, and I tell you it cut me to the heart to turn such an animal loose in there with that pretty, delicate woman. She met us at the door, brave as could be; but, for all that, I saw her white, set face, and knew what it was costing her. I didn't sleep much that night, thinking over the thing.

"Things went on so for some weeks. One night she sent for me. I went down at once. She was in a fearfully nervous condition; that was evident as she let me in.

"'Mr. Wakefield,' she said, 'I have determined to end this. I am going to get a divorce from my husband. He says he will not oppose me in it. I wanted you to come down, so that you could hear it from his own mouth, and so that he wouldn't sneak out of what he says later on.'

"There the fellow was. I hadn't seen him at first; he was glowering away in a chair in a dark corner, half hidden behind a portière. Well, I felt that I was in a pretty awkward situation, but could do no less than say that I would be a witness to the agreement if they wished it.

"'Yes,' muttered the hulking ruffian, 'let her go ahead. I'll not hinder her. And if she has any lack of evidence of marital infidelity, I believe they call it, let her call on me. I'll testify to anything.'

"I got out of the place as soon as I could, you may be sure. It was an awful bore for me to take up the case, but that woman begged me to, so that I couldn't well refuse. She said it would be such a trial to her to have to tell all her troubles to another lawyer. And I confess I was getting fond of that imp of a baby of hers. She was doing it all for his sake, she said, and really no one could blame her.

"The case was clear sailing, of course. All the trouble I had was from her ignorance of legal methods, and her insisting that things out to be done in perfectly impossible ways. For instance, she didn't want to appear in court herself; said she never could endure it; saw no reason why the judge shouldn't take my word for everything, and so on. Really I felt inclined to laugh sometimes at her phenomenal ignorance of everything concerned with the law. It was the same about all business matters. Actually that woman hadn't the first idea of accounts, or ways of depositing money in a bank; and she was a woman of good general intelligence too. Will you believe it?—she brought me her bonds, and said she wanted me to keep them for her till after the divorce was granted. She said she was afraid her husband would get hold of them somehow. She took them out of their envelope, and showed me her name written in—Emilia Ortiz y Espinosa—just as her father had given them to her. She had not had it changed after she was married, and now she said, rather bitterly, there would be no need. I protested against taking the bonds, and urged her to leave them with some safe deposit company. But she saw so many imaginary objections to that course, and it would have taken me so long to prove to her that that was the thing to do, that I let her have her way, and put them in my safe for her. It would be only for two or three weeks. I could hardly get her to take my receipt for them.

"'What do I want of a receipt?' she asked. 'Don't I trust you? You aren't going to steal them, are you?'

"She thought that was a good joke. But I insisted on her taking the receipt.

"Well, there was no difficulty about her getting her divorce. The judge said he never had a plainer case. The whole thing was cleared up yesterday. She came to my office this morning to pay my bill, thank me, and take her bonds. You saw her going out with them. I shall probably never see her again, as she expects to go South with her child."

As I was going down the stairway from Wakefield's office, I met a lady coming up. It was the same one I had seen as I entered. She was flushed and agitated. She had the large envelope still in her hand. She brushed past me hastily, and went directly to Wakefield's office.

II.

I am not a reader of the *Daily Inquisitor* myself, but of course the servants have it; it is gauged for their mental state apparently, and furnishes them the thrills of excitement which their lack of an adventurous existence and of ideas leaves them greatly in want of. It was one of them who handed me the next morning's number, pointing me complacently to an article which, the fellow said, in the dialect he had learned from that purveyor of English well defiled, involved some special significance for me. "Divorced and Buncoed," read the head-line, and then followed a column account of what was said to be a startling occurrence that had just transpired, involving a certain lawyer of high standing, moving in the most aristocratic circles of society, and having an office in the Coke Building. Then it went on to say that a lady of distinction and refinement, whose style of beauty was set forth in the usual reportorial manner, had deposited $25,000 in government bonds with her lawyer, pending the issue of a trial for divorce which he was conducting for her, and that the lawyer had swindled her out of the whole sum. Mrs. Dare, *née* Ortiz y Espinosa, the article continued, had gone to Mr. W-k-f-ld's office to secure her bonds, and was given an envelope purporting to contain them, but which she had found, when she got to her banker's, to be stuffed full of legal blanks, every bond being gone. Luckily there could be no question of the truth of her story, as she held the lawyer's receipt for her bonds, which he had neglected to get back from her. Besides, he was not understood to deny the fact that he had held the bonds for her, only insisting that he had delivered them to her intact. The lady had had a stormy scene with him in his own office after she had found out the fraud, and had then gone at once to consult the well-known criminal lawyers, Messrs. Gilligan and Gougar. They would probably have the bunco lawyer arrested on a charge of grand larceny.

Fifteen minutes later I was rushing up the stairs leading to Wakefield's office. Just as I opened the door it occurred to me in a flash that I should not find him there; he was not the man to go about his work undisturbed by such a thing hanging over him. Sure enough, the grinning clerk said to me, "Mr. Wakefield has not come down to-day, sir." Then I went to the Elsinore, though I really had little hope of finding him there either. I did not. He had gone out very early, the janitor said, and had left no message for me. I asked about that, as I had a vague hope that he would have felt sure I would go to him at once. Where could he be? I thought the thing over as I stood hesitating in the street. I ought to know that man well enough to divine just what he would do—where he would want to go, I said to myself. Not his club: that's the last place. Not his favorite library: what could he do there with this thing upon him? Ah! I have it: he's gone to Maggie's.

Maggie had been a lady's-maid to his betrothed. Wakefield had taken a great liking to her for the sake of her extraordinary affection for her mistress, had followed her after-life with interest, settled a good sum upon her when she was married, and used to take great delight in going to her snug little tenement to chat with her and play with her children.

I found him there. Maggie's eyes looked suspiciously red, but Wakefield put on a smiling look as I went in.

"I'm greatly relieved," he said. "I feared you were an officer."

"He'll be here soon enough, from all I hear," said I, rather unfeelingly. "Before he comes, tell me what this all means."

"Won't you first let me thank you for looking for me? A thief can hardly expect his friends to stand by him."

"Don't be a fool," said I, impatiently. "Do give me your idea about this affair."

He roused up a little at that.

"Why, it's only a swindle," he said.

"I know, of course. But how? What are the facts?"

"Why, the facts are that I have been a blooming idiot; that my refined and delicate little client is simply a darling little conspirator; that she put up a neat job on me, and has got me into a very tight corner. That's all."

"Can you prove it?"

"Lord love you, my dear boy, of course I can't. That's the only trouble. That's what makes my particular corner so tight."

"But I don't understand. You told me this thing had been going on for six months."

"Precisely. That shows how long-headed she was, how well planned the conspiracy was, and why they made the stake so large. They had to get paid for their time and trouble."

"They? What! Do you think the husband was in it too? Was that divorce business all a sham?"

"It surely was."

"But, my dear fellow, what proof have you?"

"Oh, that's another matter. You aren't asking me for proof, only what the facts are. I believe that those are as I say. I know they are. But I can't prove it, I say. If I could, I wouldn't have to go to jail."

"Don't be absurd. I can't get the bearings of all this. I don't see how—"

"My impetuous youth, of course you don't see. May I ask if you rested well last night?"

"What on earth has that got to do with the case?"

"Well, I didn't sleep a wink myself. I have been thinking the whole thing over, with what poor powers of mind I possess, for the last eighteen hours. I have come to the conclusions I state. But, of course, it is very easy for you, with your superior intelligence, to rush in here and see at a glance that I am all wrong."

"Forgive me, Wakefield. I am the one who is wrong. But it is only my eagerness to get at your point of view. You won't mind, though, if I ask you a few questions, just for my own enlightenment?"

"Certainly not. Drive ahead."

"Well, about those bonds. Were they genuine, in the first place?"

"Either that or a mighty good imitation. I had them in my own hands."

"But wouldn't it be a good scheme to write to the United States Treasury and see if there are really any such registered bonds?"

"How acute some minds are! My dear fellow, it is now ten o'clock; if the Register of the Treasury is the model public officer that he ought to be, he is now at his office. He will find on his desk a telegram from your most humble; making precisely the ingenious inquiry you suggest. In an hour I ought to have my answer."

"Well, I believe that will end the whole thing. He will telegraph you that there are no such bonds."

"You are more sanguine than I am. The game is too deep for you, I fear. They weren't the sort to leave a thread like that dangling."

"How, then, do you account for the disappearance of the bonds?"

"They were never in my safe. The package I had was bogus. The deft fingers of that unsophisticated woman juggled it into my hands in place of the genuine."

"Perhaps she changed packages after leaving your office."

"Your suspicions wrong the dear creature. I am ashamed of you!"

"But you yourself accuse her of something worse than that?"

"Oh, I don't mean her morals; it's her shrewdness you wrong. It is a part of her excellent case against me that she can prove that the package I gave her was only blank paper."

"How do you know that? Did she tell you so?"

"Not she. I found it out myself. I went to the banker to whom she carried the package, and he will swear, if he has to, that he opened it himself, and that her name in my handwriting was written across the flap—just as it was, in fact, in my safe."

"But how can she prove, then, that she gave you any other package?"

"Well, she holds a receipt of mine for $25,000."

"For Heaven's sake! didn't you get that back at the time of the delivery of the bonds—the package?"

"No. You see that innocent little woman knew so absolutely nothing about business that she forgot my receipt when she came to get her bonds. You should have seen her pretty surprise! Must she give me back the receipt? Dear, dear, she hadn't even kept the receipt—at any rate, she didn't know where on earth it was. But she would look for it, and send it to me the first thing in the morning, if she did happen to find it, and meanwhile she would take her bonds, of course. She's got it safe enough, as I have no doubt her lawyers have been informed before this."

"What a devil she is!"

"What a fool I was! Still, she was unnecessarily sharp on that point. Of course I should have acknowledged receiving the bonds, even if she had nothing to show for them. I think she's got me. I am sure I don't see any way out of it."

"Well, if things are as you think, they'll probably make you an offer to settle the case. It'll be a pretty expensive lesson for you, but luckily you can stand the expense."

"Settle? Do you think I would do such a thing? No, young man, I'm going to jail, that's what I'm going to do. The length of time I shall spend there will depend upon the leniency of the judge who is called upon to sentence me. Of course I shall get bailed out pending the trial, and some flaw in their scheme may turn up in the mean time. I don't expect it myself. The only way I can get the better of those folks is to refuse to settle, and let them send me to jail. How they will gnash their teeth to have their prey escape them, after all!"

I was really sure that Wakefield was not so hopeless as he pretended, and that he would leave no stone unturned to discover the mystery of the plot to which he had fallen a victim. In fact, as we were going away from Maggie's, it appeared that he had had a special object in going to see her. As he took leave of her he said,

"Well, you won't find it too much trouble to look that matter up for me?"

"Trouble, indeed!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Irish woman. "It's yourself knows, Mr. Wakefield, that I'd do anything to expose them villains."

We were back at the Elsinore by eleven. Wakefield's telegram was already there. He read it hastily, and pretended to be only satisfied at his own good judgment, though I secretly thought him a little dashed. He passed it over to me, simply saying, "There, you see."

The telegram read as follows:

"In answer to inquiry, would state twenty-five thousand-dollar bonds, payable 1907, series F, numbers 27,323 to 27,347 inclusive, registered in Treasury books in name Emilia Ortiz y Espinosa."

"Their case seems to be complete," said Wakefield, thoughtfully.

III.

I stuck close to Wakefield all that day. He asked me to do so in order that I might be with him when his expected arrest occurred. We spent the afternoon in his office, but nothing happened. As we were coming out from dinner at the Elsinore, however, a man stepped up to Wakefield, touched his hat, and said something quietly.

"I was expecting you," said Wakefield. "I am to go with you, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, if you please. Any arrangements about bail you may wish to make before going to the precinct, I am instructed to consent to."

"What is the indictment?"

"It is not an indictment, sir; it's a summons in a civil suit?"

"A civil suit? What on earth—"

"For breach of promise. Damages put at $50,000."

Wakefield was startled, that was plain; yet he seemed to experience a certain mental relief at what he had heard. He explained it to me as we were going with the detective.

"Now I see what the plot really is. I couldn't understand it before; there were too many inexplicable turns to the thing. What possible motive could they allege for my stealing her bonds? I am rich; and if I were not, what could I do with registered bonds, absolutely non-negotiable? It seemed incredible to me all along that such clever people should forget that weak point. But as the accepted lover and guardian of the dear confiding creature, as the one who had moved heaven and earth to get her a divorce precisely that I might marry her, as the one whom the ex-husband will swear he understood all along to be his supplanter—why, what more natural than that I should have taken charge of the fair one's property? The bonds will be a very important piece of evidence going to show our intimate relations; and my not giving them up after determining to recede from my promise to marry will be only a part of my slippery and quarrelsome disposition, which led to breaking off the whole thing. I must say the case is neatly got up. With what she will swear to and what he will swear to, with what they can prove about my being in her rooms and about her being in my rooms, it will be an ugly case to meet. I don't see, myself, just how I am going to do it."

"Do it!" said I, indignantly. "Why, what shred of positive proof can she produce? She hasn't a scrap of documentary evidence, I suppose."

"Just my scoundrelly cuteness in not giving her any, my dear boy."

"But she can't prove enough, except by her own tall swearing, and of course you'll deny that point-blank—she can't prove enough in the way of external actions to make a reasonable presumption in favor of the truth of her story."

"Oh, they'll prove enough, you'll see. You'll find me figuring as in and out of her apartments at all hours of the day and night, playing the part of tender consoler when her husband abused her or came home drunk, taking a great fancy to her baby— Oh, that imp! How he will be dragged into the case! He'll be worth at least $5000 extra damages."

It was nearly a month after that the trial came on. Meanwhile we had done everything in human power to break down their case. We got hold of some valuable rebutting evidence, but nothing that touched the essential points. I could not believe that there was not something crooked about those bonds from the very beginning. Of course they were registered in the Treasury all right, but perhaps they had been bought only a few days before they were given to Wakefield. We had neglected to inquire about that. I went to Washington, but found everything straight. The bonds had been registered in the same name for three years. All I could do was to make an arrangement to be telegraphed to in case the bonds should be transferred to any other party. We were sure, of course, that the woman had the bonds, and thought that perhaps she might have to sell them to raise money. But she didn't. We had her closely shadowed too all that month; but her behavior was irreproachable. She went nowhere but to her lawyers', and never once saw her confederate, as we regarded her former husband. We had detectives on his trail also; but they found nothing suspicious except the fact that he was leading a sober life; that looked as if he were scared, or were under some sense of strain or responsibility.

Wakefield's predictions about the case were fulfilled to the letter. With all their false swearing and the suspicious circumstances they could prove—Wakefield's receipt for the bonds, flourished in his face and before the eyes of the jury, being the most damaging one—they certainly made out a black showing for us. They had a very short and simple story to tell, and they had learned it so thoroughly that they could not be shaken by cross-examination. I forgot to say that Wakefield conducted his own defence, with me as associate. He did it splendidly, too. He was as cool and witty and incisive as if he had no personal interest. Of course he went on the stand, and swore that the plaintiff's testimony was rank perjury. Gougar had his cross-examination. He always tries the overpowering, bullying method, but he got himself lanced so by Wakefield's keen rejoinders that he soon gave up the job. However, he got admissions as to the bonds, being in the rooms, etc., which it was easy to see he would make good use of with the jury.

Wakefield had one point which was undeniably telling. It was in regard to that infernal baby. He put Maggie on the stand, and she made it clear, from the report of her investigations, that the baby never belonged to the woman at all, but had been got from a baby-farmer. Of course the plaintiffs at once said that it was a case of adoption, or intended adoption, but that was all pretty weak, and evidently seemed so to the jury. Still, there were the main points of the plaintiff's case practically untouched, opposed only by Wakefield's unsupported oath; and the outlook was black. A man never has a chance with a jury when he is pitted against a pretty woman who can raise a tear or two at the right time. Besides, this time the woman had corroborating evidence, while the man didn't.

Wakefield summed up in his own defence. He made a clear and moving address; his personal interest at last getting into his mind enough to give him a dash of pathetic eloquence. No man could have done better with the case as it stood. Of course that brute of a Gougar was in his element when he came to address the jury, and Irish brogue and bombast were put to their utmost strain. Under it all, too, the rogue had some good points to make, and I was afraid that he was carrying the jury with him. But when they went out, and two hours had passed without our hearing from them, my spirits rose. I looked for a disagreement at the worst. But just as the judge was going to order them locked up for the night the announcement came that a verdict had been agreed upon. It was damages at $17,500.

This broke Wakefield up at last. His head fell over on his arms. "Make a motion for a new trial, old fellow," he whispered to me, hopelessly.

I had no substantial basis to argue upon, as I was perfectly aware when I rose, but I was bound to say something. I rambled on for about ten minutes, the judge looking more disgusted all the while, and Gougar more like a grinning fiend. I was about done with my ineffective remarks when suddenly I felt an impetuous twitch at my coat tail. It was Wakefield.

"Say we have new and important evidence," he whispered, eagerly.

All the while he was reading with the utmost intentness a letter which he held in his trembling hand. In a moment he recovered his usual coolness, gave a short, dry laugh, and handed me up the letter, with the remark, "Well, the murder's out."

The letter was as follows:

"HAVANA, *January 16th.*

"*To the Consul-General of Spain, New York:*

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—Constant reader that I am of the illustrious and enterprising press of the United States from the time of my permanency in the great republic, by casualty under my notice has fallen in the columns of the enlightened *Daily Inquisitor* some species which concern myself and family in something, and for the same I direct myself to you in the present. Said allegations refer that a certain feigned Emilia Ortiz y Espinosa, wife, as it was pretended, of one Dare, divorced from whom she asserted that she had been, a quarrel with a distinguished advocate had had, in the which accusations of having detained bonds, $25,000 in sum, were brought against the same. Moved by a sense of owing, besides that I have motives of complaint on my proper account, I address this to you, Señor Consul, that you may in following take the indebted activities, with the end of putting in the knowledge of the corresponding persons the facts herein set forth, to know: the Señorita Emilia Ortiz y Espinosa is my proper daughter, in the present moment at my side in this capital; it being, by consequence, entirely unfounded that she is or has been in that city, nor either that she has been married to whoever. By addition, if, as would appear very suspicious, some pretender has been guilty of deceiving any, on the ground of being she, most probable to me it would appear that such will result to be a certain maid-servant, anteriorly my daughter's, who, it makes a year now, fled from my house in company with an unhappy lover hers, both betaking themselves, as credibly to me it has been told, to the shores of that republic. For more signs, the same person from my house took with her upon fleeing two bonds of the Treasury of the United States in the denomination $1000, being robbed the same from my daughter, in whose name they rest certified, the corresponding doubles having been to me since issued, the originals by the same being worthless save for the propositions of fraud. Let it be declared, besides, that the said defrauder is a disposition most sympathetic, many times myself having deceived with her wiles, and arousing very great, although well unfounded jealousies on the part of my finished wife, who is now in glory. For your worthy knowledge I put these details, esteemed señor, and remain, entirely at your orders,

"Your faithful and attentive servant,
"Who kisses your hand,
"MATÍAS JOSÉ DE ORTIZ."

THE WATERS AT VICHY.

"AH, monsieur," says the distinguished doctor of Vichy, "you will be very careful as to the methods of using our precious water. There can be no immediate danger in a copious draught, but it must be borne in mind that the particular *source* I have the honor to advise monsieur to take has what I might designate a therapeutical individuality. Monsieur has been working too hard or amusing himself too much. *Bon!* Both lead to the same end—physical or mental exhaustion. So, after a careful diagnosis of your case, I should advise that at first you take only so much." Then the elegant-looking French medical man with a deserved reputation (for you have looked over the *Service Médical de Vichy*, and chosen one who wears a red ribbon in his button-hole) indicates on his finger about three-quarters of an inch. "You will begin with taking that much water from your tumbler at the Source de l'Hôpital, and half an hour afterward repeat the quantity. Next day you may take three portions—no more—and gradually arrive at the condition of absorbing one full glass."

Your doctor has bid you not despair, for he has added, "Our waters will do just so much for physical reconstruction, but Vichy tends, too, permit me to say, toward mental relaxation. *On s'amuse, monsieur.*" He had said that the Casino, the music, the park, the theatre, were real adjuncts hastening cures. When you take your first sip of Vichy warm from the spring, you will notice that your glass is a graded measure, and can follow medical instructions, if you are so inclined, to a drop.

Vichy is not a large place. The population is about 11,000, but it has some 500 hotels, or furnished rooms, or villas, so that, on a pinch, 20,000 people may take their comfort there. The character of the visitors to these famous thermal springs has changed within the last ten years. If the Parisian is rarer than in former periods, French from middle and southern sections of the republic are there in greater number. Vichy once was the favorite sanitarium of the Italian, but the political differences between France and Italy may account for a diminution of the Italian; but the Spaniard has taken his place; and as to the Russian, he is there *en masse.*

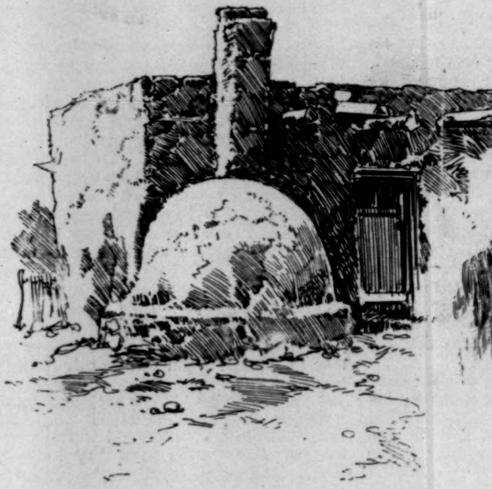
Of late years Vichy has been much visited by the French clergy, and around the many *sources* priests and Sisters of Mercy are to be found. These excellent people, from the peculiar life they lead, are rather more prone to certain maladies than are the worldly ones. As to the French curé, he always is the best of men, and because he knows something of the world, the most entertaining of companions.

The period of cure is supposed to take about three weeks. Americans are found there the year round, and their number is apparently increasing. The English visit Vichy rather late in autumn. A rather original method of cure, a refinement of the use of Vichy water, is the gargle. So as to acquire the art of gargling in the approved manner, certain long corridors are arranged, and lines of garglers may be seen, with heads thrown back, executing chromatic passages with varying degrees of interrupted vocalizations.

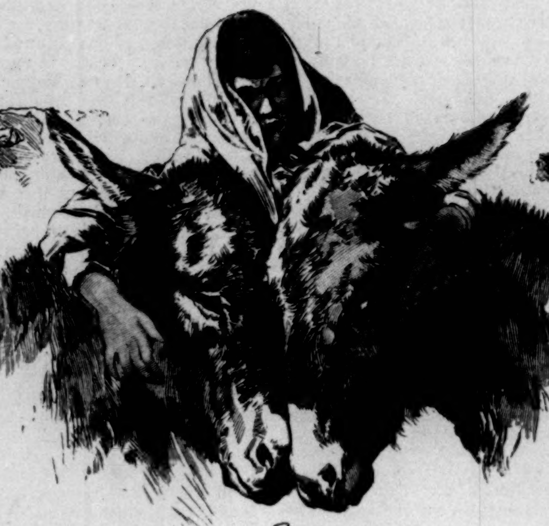
Mr. Reinhart, in his clever sketch, introduces what is both grave and comic in "Taking the Waters at Vichy." You will observe the lady on the extreme right. She holds her glass in a subdued and reflective manner. She has probably taken only a finger's breadth of the water, and has become sedate and pensive over her dose. Probably there is nothing really the matter with her, but she takes Vichy under a sense of solemn duty. Right back of her there is the head of a queer old woman, who gobbles down her cupful as if it were a mess of broth. That old woman is a glutton, and high living has brought on gout. To the left, a curé, breviary in hand, is talking to a young lady, for there always is natural companionship engendered at Vichy. To the left of the young lady is just one of those heads which must be a portrait. That gentleman's eyes are slightly injected. His complexion is mottled, and his obesity is beginning to show itself below the waist. It will take a good deal of Vichy to help him get rid of the clinkers which are choking the natural draughts of his system. A pretty girl, with uplifted arm, unhooking her own particular glass from the stand, gives Mr. Reinhart the opportunity to sketch a graceful pose.

Around a *source* there is no attempt at display. The scene is not exactly subdued, for where there are French people there always is gayety, but there is not much noise. A good many people assume a grave air, and stalk around with a measured gait. At every Fountain of Juvance there must be a certain number of hypochondriacs. There are mental troubles no Vichy can ever cure. These are generally the desponding ones.

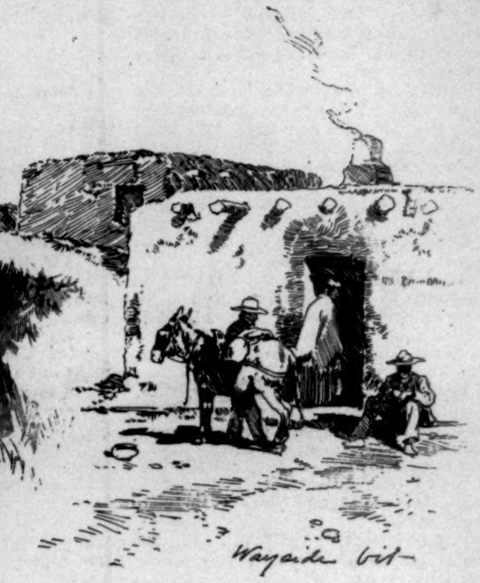
In the art of "exploiting" a source of mineral water all the world might learn something by studying French methods. For those who have no means the government gives not alone the gratuitous use of the water, but hospital attendance. It has at the Source Lucas a thermal establishment for soldiers and officers. It is not alone in the use of the waters where the best judgment has been called into play, but in the amusements provided at little cost to the visitors at Vichy the natural good taste of the French is displayed.



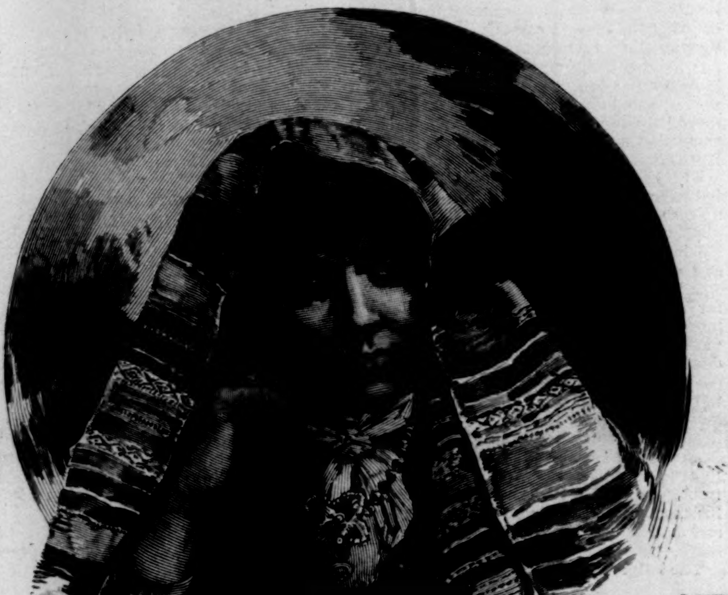
Adobe House and Oven



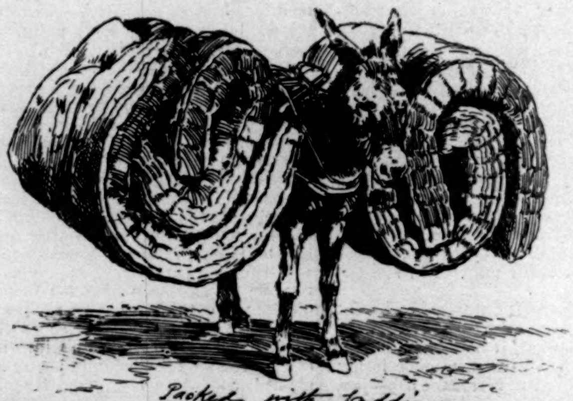
Burros



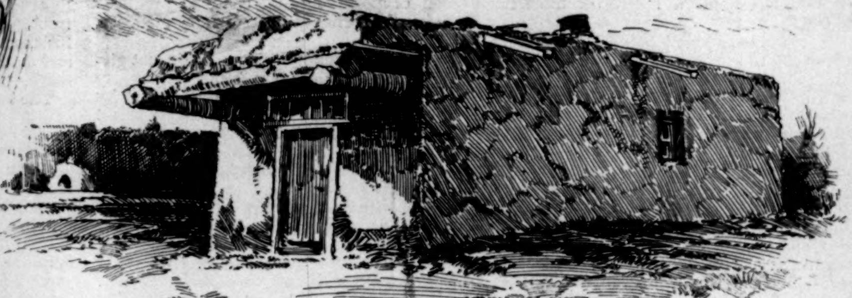
Wayside bit



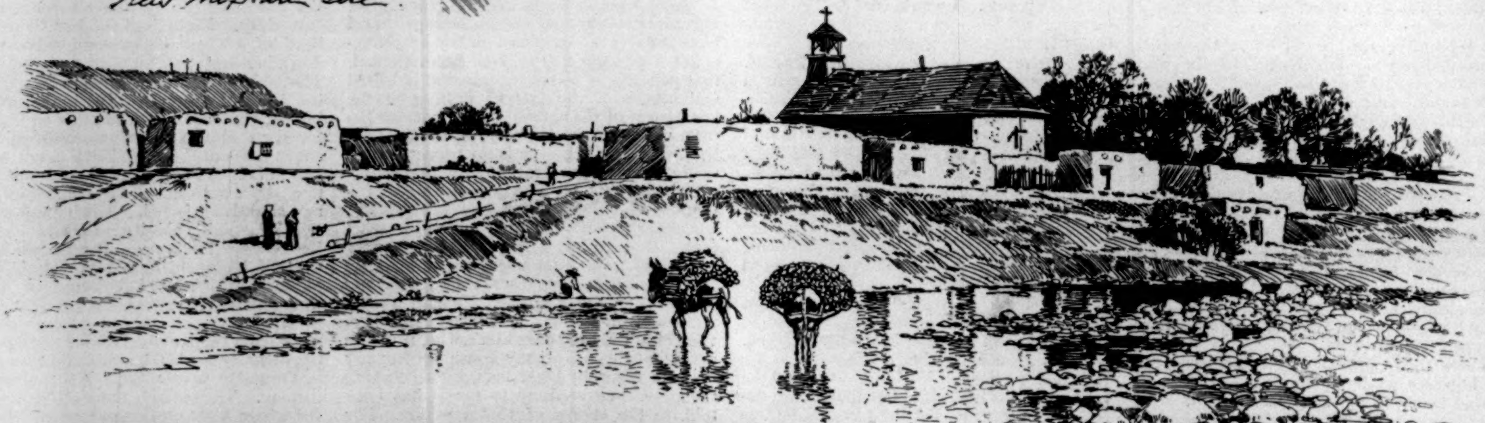
New Mexican Girl

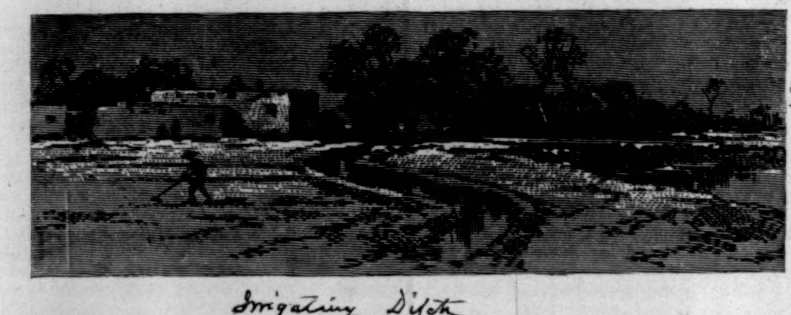


Packed with bedding



A Penitente Church



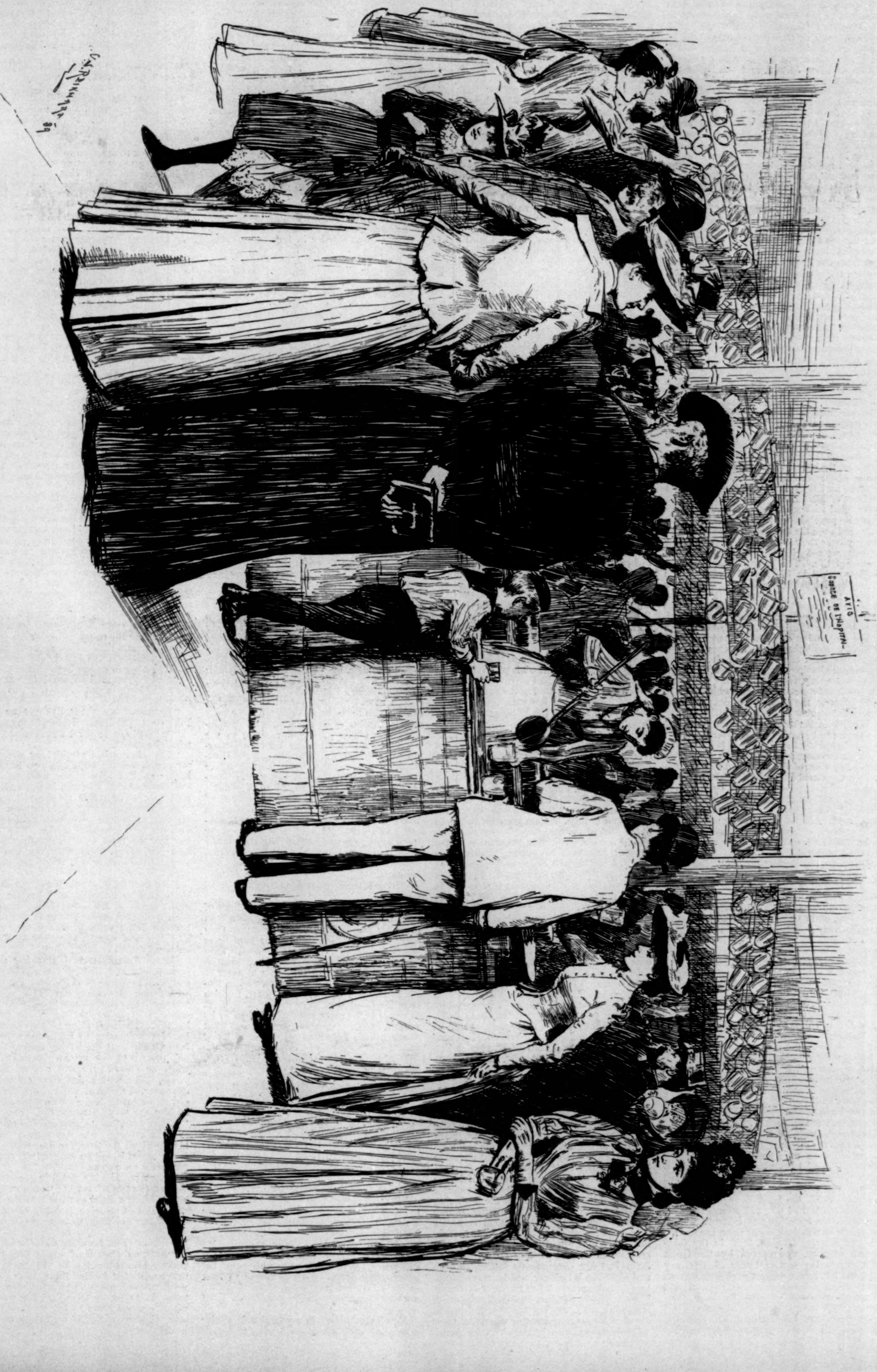


Irrigating Ditch

Adobe Village near Las Vegas.

C. Graham N.M. May 13. '90.

SKETCHES IN NEW MEXICO, NEAR LAS VEGAS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 539.]


AVIS
SOURCE DE L'HOPITAL
C. S. Reinhart 89

TAKING THE WATERS AT VICHY.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 543.]

LONDON IN 1616 AND IN 1890.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE ancient rhymester who met his sister Ann as they both were crossing London Bridge in the thirteenth year of the First James, if he could come back to London in the fifty-third year of Victoria, would find it more easy to recognize his sister Ann than to recognize London Bridge, or London itself. In 1616 London was the London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and London as the wars of York and Lancaster had found and left it—no more like to the London of to-day than was the flat island discovered by Hendrik Hudson in 1609 like unto the metropolitan city of 1890 which we call New York. In 1616 little John Milton was beginning the study of Latin in Pawl's Schule; Bacon was living in chambers in Gray's Inn; Drayton occupied the bay-window house next to the east end of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; Izaak Walton had half of a shop in the same thoroughfare two doors west of Chancery Lane, and was buying his fish-hooks in Harp Alley; Raleigh, having finished his *History of the World*, was fitting out his expedition to Guinea; Beaumont and Fletcher were living together on the Bankside, not far from the Play House, with "the same cloaths and cloake, etc., between them"; and John Taylor, the Water Poet, was still a waterman, getting ready to start on his "Pennyless Pilgrimage." In 1616 King James was selling peerages to the highest bidders, holding costly theatrical revels at Whitehall *on Sunday evenings*, to the utter horror of the Puritans, lavishing favors upon Buckingham at the public expense, and doing all of those unaccountable things which led Sully to call him the wisest fool in Europe. In 1616 the Tower stood on the eastern verge of London, as Visscher saw it, while Whitehall was the extreme western boundary, and the city of Westminster was still a considerable distance out of town; the gardens of the aristocratic mansions on the Strand extended down to the Thames on the one side, or back to the open fields on the other; the streets were narrow, dirty, ill-paved, full of ruts and holes, and robbers and ruffians of all kinds; the Fleet River, the Fleet Ditch, and the Fleet Prison were filled with pestiferous inhabitants; the common people herded in poor wooden buildings, and even the merchant princes, living in luxury over their own shops, knew nothing of what we consider the comforts or conveniences of life. The Thames was the main highway, and in 1616, and for many years thereafter, it had but one bridge for anybody's sister Ann to cross. The population of London at the time of the accession of James was a little over one hundred and fifty thousand, the people of Paris numbering more than those of London and Dublin put together. The city was lighted with lanterns containing cotton-wick candles, nearly all travellers carrying, or having carried for them, their own links when they ventured into the streets after the set of sun; and red and white roses in 1616 grew in the Temple Gardens as their descendants grow in the same earth to-day.

While Visscher's map of London, contained in the current number of this journal, is not one of the oldest in existence, it is one of the most interesting, and it gives an admirable bird's-eye view of the town and its environs before the Great Fire of 1666. It was preceded by Ryther's map in 1604, by Norden's map in 1593, by the map of Ralph Aggas, believed to have been made about 1570, by a small map to be found in Brawn and Hohenberg's *Cities of the World*, which must be older than 1561, as it shows the steeple of St. Paul's Cathedral burnt in that year, and it was followed by the familiar views and maps of Hollar, who went first to England in 1652. C. J. Visscher, a native of Amsterdam, belonged to a family of artists and engravers. The descriptions of this map, as it originally appeared, and as given by the historians of London, vary greatly, and there were at least two editions or versions of it. One plate, according to Richard Gough, author of *English Topography*, was destroyed, "and the only impression sold to the King by T. Davies for ten guineas." "The King" was George the Third, and "T. Davies" was probably Johnson's "Tom" Davies, a bookseller in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and author of *The Life of Garrick*.

Nothing will show more clearly the growth of London and the advancement of civilization—for London is the very centre of civilization—during the last three centuries than a careful comparison of the two maps of the great city printed herewith. Taking the earlier plan, and starting on the northern bank of the Thames at the Royal Hospital of St. Katherine's-at-the-Tower, now the site of St. Katherine's Dock, the bird's-eyed tourist will reach first the celebrated old fortress known as the Tower of London, Her Majesty's Tower, a citadel built by William the Norman to defend or command the city, and almost the only piece of masonry on his journey which the hard hand of Time, or the harder hand of the professional restorer, has not done something to destroy. As he proceeds he will look down upon the steeple of Old Stepney Church, built in the fourteenth century, and spared by the Great Fire; upon the square tower of Hackney Church, left intact when the church was rebuilt about a hundred years ago, and still standing, although hidden by new warehouses on Tower Hill in the later map; and next upon the tall spire of All-Hallows, Barking, which, according to Pepys, narrowly escaped burning in 1666, after having been almost ruined by an explosion of gunpowder a few years before. Pepys's own church, St. Olave's, Hart Street, not lettered in Visscher's plan, remains intact; but the Great Fire, which began in a baker's oven in Pudding Lane, near Eastcheap, and stopped at a cook-shop on Pie Corner, Smithfield, consuming nearly four hundred acres of houses, wiped out St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Peter's, St. Michael's, the Exchange, St. Lawrence (Poultney), St. Anthony's, the Guild Hall, St. Lawrence (Jewry), Bow Church, St. Paul's Cathedral, Fish-mongers' Hall, all marked on the map, with the whole river-front to the Temple, and portions of London Bridge itself. St. Andrew's, Undershaft, one of the most interesting old churches in London to-day, escaped destruction, as did also St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, Leadenhall Market (not taken down until 1812), and the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, some portions of which still remain.

London outside of the walls has seen as many changes since 1616 as London within. The walls themselves are gone, while Temple Bar, the only city gate known to the Londoners of modern times, was not built until 1670, and did not belong to the London of 1616 at all. The fire spared the Temple Church and Middle Temple Hall, in which *Twelfth Night* was acted in 1601, it is supposed in Shakespeare's presence, but everything else in the Temple precincts has been rebuilt or renewed. Essex House, shown on Visscher's plan, is marked now by Essex Street, Strand, the ugly square arch, now at the river end, being no part of the original mansion, but of a much later date. Arundel House, where Arundel Street is, was demolished in 1678. The "large and goodly house" built by the Protector, Somerset, shortly after the death of Henry the Eighth, has given place to the modern public offices called Somerset House. The Savoy is represented to-day only by the little chapel built in 1505, which contains the mortal part of George Wither, whose famous shepherd refused to waste in despair and die because a certain woman of his acquaintance was not fair to him but to somebody else. Bedford House, on the site of the present Southampton Street, was taken down in 1704. Durham House, "a noble place," once occupied by Raleigh, was swept away in the early part of the reign of George the Third to make room for the Adelphi; and of York House, the town residence once of the Archbishops of York and the birthplace of Bacon, nothing is left now but the name and title of George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, a subsequent tenant—perpetuated in George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street, Strand. The water-gate of York House, by Inigo Jones, still standing, and one of the most picturesque bits of antiquity in London, was not in existence when Visscher drew his plan. Nothing whatever is left of the Palace of Whitehall, which Visscher accepted as the extreme west end of London, but the name of the street cut through it; even the Banqueting House, famous as the building from which Charles the First walked to his execution, and the only remnant of Whitehall to-day, was not erected until 1619–22. Thus hardly has time dealt with the London of 1616!

Whitehall Stairs, the last object noted on Visscher's plan, were discovered by a party of workmen during excavations on the Embankment only a few years ago; they were worn and broken, but not an utter ruin, and at the foot of them, chained to the ring, was an old sunken galley supposed to be of the time of Elizabeth or James. Taking this boat from Whitehall Stairs, and crossing the river, the visitor of 1616 would have been landed, at low tide, in the black mud still to be found on the Surrey side of the Thames, with nothing but open country before him. Turning his face to the eastward, he would have walked through green lanes to the Swan Theatre, in the Liberty of Paris Garden, now long since disappeared, and out of fashion even then—it was used only for "gladiatorial exhibitions" after 1613—and farther on to the Bear Garden, where bulls were baited; and so to the Globe Theatre—not the Globe which Shakespeare knew, for that was destroyed by fire three years before, but the Globe built, with a roof of tile, at the "great charge of King James and many noblemen and others." The enormous breweries of Barclay & Perkins now stand upon its site, while modern warehouses cover the spot upon which stood Winchester House.

If Shakespeare ever lived on the Bankside at all, he left there in 1609, having, in 1607, buried his brother Edmond, "a player," in the Church of St. Mary Overies, "with a forenoone knell of the great bell." St. Mary Overies, now known as St. Saviour's, Southwark, is one of the finest parochial churches in Great Britain; it dates back to the thirteenth century, and comparison of it in the two plans will show how little its exterior is changed in appearance since the beginning of the seventeenth century, notwithstanding the fact that restorers of several centuries have been permitted to indulge their foolishness at the expense of its antique beauty. It contains the mortal parts of John Gower, of John Fletcher (Beaumont's fellow-laborer), and of Philip Massinger, besides those of Edmond Shakespeare. The Church of St. Olave, Tooley Street, the last building marked in Visscher's plan, was taken down and rebuilt about a hundred years ago, when the three worthy tailors who belonged to its parish and lived under its square spire were, as "We, the People of England," preparing their famous petition to the House of Commons.

The most prominent and important feature in Visscher's plan is London Bridge, the only tie that bound the city to the borough of Southwark for so many hundreds of years. It was 926 feet long, 60 feet high, and 40 feet broad, and was built of stone upon piles, between the years 1176 and 1209. It was covered with houses on both sides, making a continuous street, and there is nothing within the memory of man to liken it to but the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. The ninth pier, which was almost in the centre of the bridge, contained a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury; there were twenty arches in all, of various sizes, and the rush of water through them, especially at high tide, rendered "the shooting of the bridge" so dangerous that an old proverb says it "was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." Many of the fools who went under went down, never to come up again. The tower to be seen on the Southwark end of the bridge was built in the reign of Elizabeth, as was Nonesuch House, considered a great wonder in its time—a huge wooden pile, four stories high, with cupolas and turrets at each corner, and erected with wooden pegs instead of nails. It stood over the seventh and eighth arches, on the north side of the drawbridge, and as it came from Holland, like Visscher himself, it is strange that he did not call attention to it by lettering, in his plan.

More historical interest centres about this Old London Bridge, almost, than about any other spot of its size in the world. The first decapitated head of historical value it held was that of the Scottish hero, William Wallace; the second was that of Simon Fraser; Wat Tyler and his fierce band of Kentish and Surrey men crossed it to enter London in the troublous reign of Richard the Second; in 1407–8 the head of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was added to its ghastly collection; in 1415 Henry the Fifth entered London from Agincourt over London Bridge, with his long train of French captives; seven years later his body was carried along the same highway from Vincennes to Westminster Abbey; Jack Cade crossed it in 1450, and left his head for its adornment; the heads of Bishop Fischer and Thomas More were placed there in 1535, the former kept until the good Anne Boleyn could see it, and the latter, according to tradition, stolen by his devoted daughter, Margaret Roper, was long after buried with him in a chapel adjoining St. Dunstan's, Canterbury; Holbein is said to have lived on London Bridge, and long is the list of English worthies whose feet have pressed it. It was not removed entirely until 1825, when the New Bridge was erected a little higher up the river. There are excellent views of Old London Bridge by Norden, by Hollar, by Vertue, and by Boydell; and Hogarth has introduced it, in its decay, in his "Mariage à la Mode."

Men have come and men have gone, but the Thames flows on as ever, the same busy stream, fretting stone embankments now instead of wooden piles, and rushing to the sea under a dozen bridges between Battersea and Billingsgate. Monster ships of thousands of tons burden lie at anchor where the little galleons tacked below the Tower wharf; the "Gally fuste" of Visscher's plan, containing, no doubt, the Prince of Wales (Charles, not Henry, who died in 1612), has given place to the Penny Steamers; and a naphtha-launch now shoots along the stream where Visscher has drawn the state barge of James, the centre of a procession of boats passing The Swan, and freighted with a monarch not wise enough to permit himself the solace of tobacco as he sailed.

The London of to-day, with its millions of inhabitants, including more Scotchmen than there are in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than there are in Dublin, more Jews than there are in Palestine, and more Americans than there are in Kalamazoo, with its thousands of miles of streets, its hundreds of acres of buildings, its scores of religions, and its single sauce, is a bigger, not a better, London than the London of three centuries ago. It is richer in its early associations than in its present excess of financial wealth, and what Shakespeare's Sebastian calls "the relics of this town" as it existed in 1616 are, for the sake of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, the most precious things it contains.

"I am not weary, and 'tis long till night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

SISTER CATHERINE'S DAMASK-ROSE.

BY BESSIE MORGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE CAP'N'S MONNYMENT."

WELL, I never! 'Twas real kind of you to bring me some o' your flowers, child. Take a seat, do. The new-fashioned posies are handsome, to be sure. I don't raise 'em much in my garden. I s'pose, 'cause I don't feel well 'quainted with 'em. It's like the difference 'tween your old neighbors an' the summer boarders. They're pretty to look at, an' pretty behaved, some of 'em, but they ain't like the folks you've known an' lived 'mongst all your life.

Now every flower in my garden is kinder connected with somebody I used to know, an' livin' here 'lone, as I do, they're a deal o' company. Through the winter, course I have my house plants; but in the spring I feel as if all my old friends was comin' back to me. There's sister Catherine's damask-rose under my bedroom window, an' grandmother's snowball bush here on one side of the front door, an' Lorindy's double hollyhock 'long by the fence. I could tell you a story 'bout every flower you see as you look out there.

Wish I would? Good land, child, they wouldn't be interestin' to nobody but me! Want me to try you?

Well, what shall I begin with—the damask-rose? I got that from a slip I cut from sister Catherine's bush. It's a real handsome rose, an' we don't see too many like it nowadays. Sister thought everything of hers, an' used to look forward so to it's bein' in blossom. I can never see mine without thinkin' of her as she looked that summer James Herbert was comin' to see her. She had a pink dress that year, I remember—a real pretty dress it was, too—an' she looked in it for all the world like her rose-bush in full bloom. She had such a color in her cheeks, an' she was sweeter'n any rose you ever saw. I don't know whether James Herbert had ever noticed her 'fore that evenin' when he come to our house to see 'bout some grass seed. Catherine she went to the door in her pink dress, an' it seemed as if she struck him all in a heap; he clean forgot what he'd come for, an' jest stood there staring at her.

"Won't you come in?" sez Catherine, thinkin' as he didn't mention any business he must 'a' come for a call, though young men didn't generally come that time in the afternoon.

Then James he found his tongue, an' asked to see father. Father wasn't in, but we was expectin' him all the time, so James said he'd wait, an' sat down in the porch, an' Catherine she staid there an' entertained him. The porch was all covered with woodbine, an' it hung down in long green wreaths behind her, an' she did look like a picture a-settin' there. 'Twas most an hour 'fore father come, but the time didn't seem to hang heavy for James.

I don't know as I told you Catherine was a writer. She'd wrote some poetry, an' one or two stories. I ain't much of a judge of poetry, but, fur's I could see, hers 'peared to be as good's a great deal that's published; but the editors never seemed to want it. The stories was real pathetic; mother 'n' I used to cry over 'em always when she read 'em to us. I remember one of 'em now. The hero was a young minister that died o' consumption. But 'twasn't ever printed. Well, she'd had such poor luck with her short stories, she thought she'd try a book. She was sure she could do something if only she could get a little encouragement, an' mother 'n' I thought 'twas likely she could too. She'd just begun on her book that day James come after grass seed, an' soon's he was gone, she come hurryin' out to where I was settin' the supper table.

"Rebecca," sez she, "I've got an idea. I'm goin' to put James Herbert in my novel."

"What?" sez I; for I didn't understand what she meant.

"I've always ben afraid," sez she, "that my people weren't quite like real folks, you know; so if I take a real man, an' make somebody exactly like him in my book, they can't say he isn't true to nature," sez she. "An' that's what I'm goin' to do with James Herbert. I'm goin' to describe his looks, an' find out his ideas 'bout things. I've found out that he likes flowers already. I gave him one of my roses when he was goin' away, an' he took it as if it had ben made o' gold."

I couldn't help laughin' right out at that, she said it so innocent, an' I ast her if she didn't know a few other fellers who was fond o' flowers when she gave 'em to 'em, but she didn't want to take it that way at all. She was earnest as could be 'bout it, an' went right to work.

Course James Herbert give her all the opportunity she needed for studying her subject. Seemed as if he had an errand with father 'most every day in the week, an' whenever he come, he managed to see Catherine. Why, he'd never ben listened to so in his life. The least thing he said seemed to be of consequence to Catherine. She ast his opinion 'bout everything under the sun, an' 'peared to lay up an' 'member every word he spoke. He was a good-looking young feller, with a fine farm an' a steady character. I s'pose he could 'a' had 'most any girl in the town; but none on 'em ever treated him the way Catherine did. She wa'n't "makin' eyes," as the girls call it, or thinkin' of such a thing. She was workin' away at her novel all the time, for dear life. I told father about it, an' he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"She'll put him in a novel in good earnest, 'fore she knows it," sez he; "an' I'm willin'; he's as likely a feller as there is in the town."

I said to Catherine I didn't think 'twas hardly fair to James, but she opened her big soft eyes at me. She didn't see why not. She'd called him Lord Ronald Blackstone in her book, an' even if he was to read it, he'd never guess she meant him. I thought likely that was so, but I didn't think 'twas the only point where it mightn't be fair to Jim. But there wa'n't no use in talkin', she was completely carried away by her book, an' father said, "Let her alone; it 'll all come out right in the end."

"It 'll be the first one o' her stories she's made come out right, if it does," sez mother.

For Catherine always would kill her folks off jest at the end, an' mother 'n' I didn't like it. We wanted 'em to marry an' live happy ever after; but Catherine wa'n't never satisfied till they was either dead or maimed for life. I really did beg her to spare that poor consumptive minister, an' she wouldn't listen to me. I couldn't help telling her I hoped she wa'n't goin' to serve poor Jim Herbert that way; but she only laughed, an' wouldn't say what she was goin' to do to him.

Well, things went on this way till one evenin' I saw Jim come inter the front yard, an' I knew he'd most likely come after some onion sets, or some such errand as that, an' I knew Catherine was in the garden, an' could 'tend to him. Not that she knew anything 'bout onion sets, but no more would Jim after he'd ben here a few minutes. I didn't notice no more 'bout 'em—I was busy helpin' mother put away the supper dishes, an' gettin' all straight for the night—till I heard the front gate bang as ef 'twas comin' off its hinges, an' a little while after I had 'casion to go up to our room, an' there I found Catherine lyin' all in a heap on her bed, never seemin' to care how much she mussed her pink dress, an' 'twas done up only the day afore, buryin' her head in her pillow as if she meant to smother herself, an' 'twas a dreadful warm evenin' too.

Course I went up to her an' wanted to know what was the matter, but she only held that pillow tighter round her face, an' wouldn't say a word, till I threatened to call father, I was so p'voked, an' at last I found out what 'd happened. Seemed she'd got in her novel to where 'twas necessary Lord Ronald should propose, an' she was wonderin' what she should do 'bout it. She was sure she'd got him all right an' true to nature so far, an' she didn't want to spoil it all jest at the last. She was thinkin' it over out 'n the garden that evenin', where she was trimmin' up her rose-bush. All the roses was gone but one, an' as she looked at it she begun to sing,

"'Tis the last rose of summer
Left bloomin' alone."

She had a sweet, pretty voice, an' it always sounded kinder sad. Not that she had anything in the world to bother her. It 'peared to be natural to her.

"When true hearts lie withered,
An' fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

She was singin', an' Jim come up an' stood beside her. She see he was lookin' at her different from he ever had afore, an' then, all of a sudden, he began tellin' her how she need never be left alone ef she'd give him leave to stay with her. Well, I don't know's you'll believe me, but Catherine was so took up with Lord Roland's affairs she clean forgot how the question applied to her. For, you see, 'twas necessary for the course o' the novel that Lord Roland should be accepted. Course she couldn't accept Jim, but for the sake o' her story she wanted dreadful bad to know what he would do if she did, an' while she was thinkin' 'bout it, he showed her with a vengeance.

An' he wa'n't so much to blame, neither. For she'd listened to him at first as eager as could be, an' then she'd kinder turned her head away, an' begun snippin' at her rose-bush again. She was only studyin' what she should do 'bout havin' Lord Roland accepted. But Jim didn't know that. He only knew he'd asked his question, an' 'stead o' answerin', there she stood, with her "last rose o' summer" in her hand, that she'd snipped off without thinkin'. Silence is always said to give consent in such cases, an' Jim thought 'twas all right much as could be; so he put both his arms round her as she stood there hesitatin', an' he kissed her—more times 'n she'd own up to, even to me—on her pretty lips an' cheeks an' forehead, an' even her curly yellow hair. He thought it all belonged to him; why shouldn't he kiss her? He loved her enough, in all conscience.

But Catherine! Poor Catherine! My goodness, how she did feel! He clear took her breath away, an' knocked Lord Roland out o' her head clean as a whistle. She couldn't tell me what she said to him—she didn't remember herself—but I guess she spoke pretty sharp, an' he let her go. He was full as much surprised as she'd ben, but all he said was: "So you've been playin' with me all this time. I hope you've got as much amusement out of it as you expected."

Catherine said his eyes flashed a perfect fire o' scorn an' contempt at her, an' for the first time it come to her that this Lord Roland business had ben kinder hard on him; but she was too put out to do him any justice then. She held up her head as straight as he did his, an' watched him march off through the gate, an' "the last rose of summer" was clinging to his coat, pinned just over his heart by its thorns. Then she come up to her room.

I couldn't get her to take her head out o' that roastin' pillow till 'twas so dark I couldn't see her; then she come over and sat by the window, but she wouldn't go down stairs that night. I had to tell father 'n' mother something 'bout it, but I didn't tell 'em all. I knew Catherine would never forgive me if I did. Father he laughed over it more'n a little. He was dreadful fond of a joke. "Jest what I expected," sez he; but he was sorry 'bout poor Jim.

An' Catherine, I s'posed she'd have a fine chapter in her novel after that; but, if you'll believe me, she flung it down in the bottom of an old trunk, an' piled everything she could get hold of on top of it. You couldn't put her out more'n to mention Lord Ronald; she'd turn red as fire, an' get out o' the room quicker'n lightnin'.

We really did miss Jim. He'd ben in so much, we'd got kinder used to havin' him round, jest's as we was used to seein' Catherine settin' down with her pencil an' paper. She'd put it all away now; she'd had enough o' romance for one while. She settled right down to hard work. Mother 'n' I couldn't begin to keep up with her, try 's we would, an' she'd hung her pink dress up 'n her closet, an' wouldn't put it on for nobody.

Jim he took to hard work too, but it didn't seem to 'gree with him well's it did with Catherine. Father said he was 'fraid he'd kill himself; that he didn't show no sense 'bout it at all. I used to notice him in church how haggard an' thin he was, an' he looked as fierce as if he hadn't never smiled in his life. An' there was sister Catherine in her white dress, the roses in her bonnet matchin' the color in her cheeks, jest as happy an' pretty as a girl could be. I did feel out o' patience with her sometimes, for Jim was as good a boy as ever lived, an' 'twas a shame he should 'a' ben treated so. He didn't have nothing to fall back on at home, neither there wa'n't no women folks in his family. He 'n' his brother'd lived 'lone together for years, an' Mis' Mary Jones kep' house for 'em. Some men 'd gone off an' kinder consoled themselves with another girl, but he wa'n't that kind. I got real worked up thinkin' 'bout it, an' one day I spoke right out to Catherine. 'Twas gettin' late in the fall by that time, an' we was parin' apples to dry.

"How thin an' wretched Jim Herbert looks!" sez I.

Catherine she gave a start, as if I'd pricked her, an' begun to turn red in a minute; but she answered, cool enough, "I haven't looked at him."

"You'd better, then," sez I. "I haven't said nothin' all this time, but, all the same, I don't think you've treated him fair. Suppose he did kiss you—"

My goodness, what a jump Catherine give! an' you never see such a color as she turned!

"If you say another word," sez she, "I'll go up stairs, and leave you to finish these apples by yourself; an' I'll never forgive you, long 's I live!"

"Nonsense!" sez I, for I'd kinder lost my temper. "I'm goin' to speak out for once—I haven't bothered you before, an' I won't again—s'pose he did kiss you—"

Down went Catherine's pan o' apples bang on the floor; they rolled in every direction, an' she never stopped to pick 'em up. But I got to the door 'fore she did, an' I catched her by both shoulders.

"Don't be so foolish!" sez I, givin' her a little shake. "If you can't stand havin' Jim Herbert spoke of without your pillow to wrap your head up in, I'll go bring it down to you; but I'm goin' to finish what I was sayin'. *S'pose—he—did—kiss—you*, what of it? You're not the first girl a man ever kissed; but I should think you thought so, by the way you act. You 'ain't got the leastest excuse for makin' him miserable."

"He's not miserable," sez she.

"He is," sez I; "an' if you didn't know it, you wouldn't be as chirk as you are yourself."

But I see 'twa'n't no use talkin' to her; an' I give it up, an' let her go her own way. I couldn't better matters any. Catherine went out a good deal that winter to all the parties an' sociables they had. I had to go with her everywhere, 'cause father insisted on it. I got tired enough o' such foolishness, an' was glad when spring came; but sister Catherine seemed to enjoy it. She had a deal of attention, but we never met Jim anywhere; he jest staid to home, an' went on with his work.

Let me see. It must 'a' ben near the 1st o' July when the accident happened. Yes, I know 'twas; for Catherine was talkin' with mother 'n' me 'bout goin' to the picnic, when father come in an' told us.

'Twas in the afternoon, an' we were all sittin' down doin' up the week's mendin', when father come in in a great hurry. We see something was wrong in a minute by his face, an' he said:

"Rebecca, help me into my other coat—quick, won't you? I'm goin' right up to Herbert's. There's ben a dreadful accident up there. He was pitchin' off a load o' hay, an' the oxen started. They was a new pair he'd jest got, an' kinder wild; they started sudden, an' he went right over backward on the barn floor. The man 'twas drivin' didn't see what 'd happened, an' he backed 'em to where they was afore, an' the wheel went over him!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sez mother, while I helped him on with his coat; "what a dreadful thing! Did it kill him?"

"He wa'n't dead when I heard," sez father; "but I don't think 't's likely he can live."

Father hurried off, an' mother an' I turned round to pick up our work, an' there was Catherine fainted dead away in her chair! We was scairt enough. We didn't know what to make on't. We got hartshorn an' a fan, an' after a while we brought her to. She opened her eyes wild as could be; then she 'membered, an' put her hands up 'gainst her heart.

"Has father gone?" sez she, kinder breathless.

"Yes, dearie," sez mother; "he'll be back pretty quick, an' tell us all about it."

"Oh, I wanted to go with him," sez she, startin' up.

"But there wouldn't be nothin' you could do, child," sez mother, "'mongst all those men; you rest here quiet till father comes back."

"But then it might be too late," sez Catherine, catchin' her breath; "an' I—I want to ask him to forgive me."

"He ain't thinkin' 'bout that now, child," sez mother.

Catherine give a little moan, and dropped her head again, kinder despairin'.

"It's for all the world like one o' her own stories," sez mother. "We might 'a' known he'd come to grief if she took him for a hero."

Catherine couldn't be quiet. She wandered off, out 'n the garden, an' then in again, an' up to her room. She'd jest got up there when father come.

"He ain't dead," sez he, for we both started up to ask him the minute he showed his face; "but he's hurt pretty serious. Jim feels dreadful bad 'bout it."

"*Jim!*" sez mother an' I both at once.

"Jim, o' course," sez father. "Who should feel bad 'bout his brother's bein' hurt if he didn't?"

"But we thought 'twas Jim 'twas hurt," sez I; "an' Catherine's breakin' her heart over it; she fainted away when you told us. I'll go an' find her."

"You wait a minute," sez father. "I'll tell her 'bout that myself. Breakin' her heart, is she? But she's let him break his heart for her up'ards of a year."

I couldn't help thinkin' father was too hard on Catherine, but I had to do as he said. She'd come down from her room, an' was out 'n the garden again. Father went out to meet her, an' I followed after. I guess he felt sorry for her when he saw how white she was, an' how frightened an' miserable her eyes were when she looked at him, for he kinder smiled an' held out his arms to her. Catherine knew he wouldn't smile if Jim was dead, an' she ran to him an' laid her pretty yellow head down against his rough coat. I thought sure he'd tell her then, but he didn't; he only patted her head softly an' said:

"I'm goin' back there again now, Catherine. Is there any message you'd like to send to Jim?"

Catherine she lifted up her head an' looked at him. "Would he—could he listen to it?" sez she.

"I reckon so," sez father.

"Tell him," sez Catherine—"tell him—" an' then she grew so awful white I cut right in. Somehow I couldn't bear to have her send her poor little heart-broken message in that way.

"You might send him one o' your roses, Catherine," sez I.

We was standing right by the bush was what made me think of it, an' Catherine turned round an' pulled off the sweetest half-opened bud there, an' gave it to him.

"Just ask him to forgive me, father," she whispered, an' father nodded, an' went off; an' Catherine ran away into the house again, an' up to her room.

'Twas dusk when father got back next time. Mother 'n' I was out 'n the porch, Catherine was upstairs, but the minute she heard him speak she came flyin' down like the wind, an' mother 'n' I got up and went inside.

Father put his arm round her, an' sez, "Jim sent the rose back to you, Catherine."

"He wouldn't forgive?" sez poor little Catherine. Such a voice.

"He said it was a mistake," sez father. "That 'twas for you to forgive him. He reckoned you jest sent it out o' sympathy, an' if that was all he didn't want it. He's down at the gate waitin' for you to make up your mind."

"He's down at the gate?" sez Catherine, as if she was scared.

"Why, yes. He didn't want to come at first, but I told him I couldn't be running back an' forth with your messages; he must come an' settle it himself. Did you think he was the one 'twas hurt, like all the rest of 'em? Good land! Jim, come here a minute. No; you can't run away. You must stay, and tell him what you meant by that rose."

Jim come up an' stood at the foot o' the steps; but Catherine hid her face 'gainst father's shoulder, an' wouldn't look at him.

"Come," sez father, gettin' kinder impatient after a minute. "Jim's in a hurry to get back to his brother. Is he to have the rose or ain't he?"

"He don't want it," sez Catherine. "He sent it back to me."

"Look here," sez father. "Jest stop an' think how you felt half an hour ago. Do you like him any the less that he 'ain't got both his legs an' all his ribs broke? 'Cause if you do, I don't doubt he's fool enough to lie down an' let somebody drive a cart over him to accommodate you."

Catherine lifted up her head, an' looked at Jim through her eyelashes. But he was as stern an' sad as he'd ben all that year. Fur 's you could see, he didn't want nothin' o' her rose or her either. He'd learnt not to take too much for granted, but 'twa'n't very encouragin' for Catherine. She hesitated an' hesitated; then she screwed up all her courage, an' held the rose out to him.

"Will you—take it?" sez she.

But Jim never so much as raised a finger toward it. "What does it mean?" sez he, lookin' her straight in the eyes.

But Catherine didn't answer, an' father's patience was clear gone.

"Good land, man!" sez he, "can't you see she's lost her tongue? It means she loves you with all her heart an' soul, an' was ready to die herself when she thought you was killed. Now take it or leave it, as suits you best."

Jim had come up the steps, an' was lookin' down at her. "Did it mean that, Catherine?" sez he.

An' Catherine looked up in his eyes, an' said, "Yes."

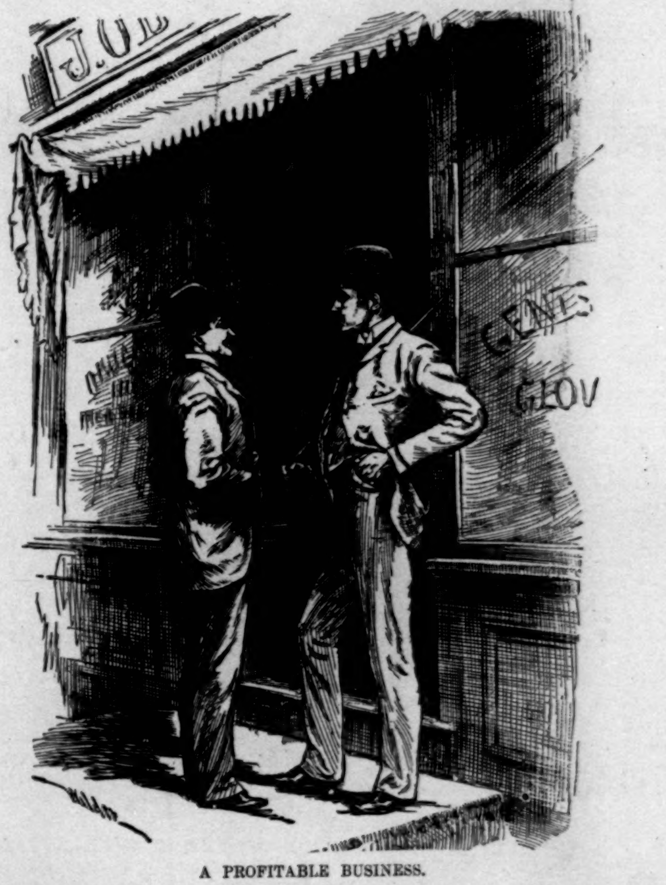
"Took 'em long enough to settle that," sez father, comin' back into the sittin'-room an' throwin' himself into a chair.

"They'd 'a' done it 'n half the time if you'd come off an' left 'em," sez mother, an' he looked real surprised.

I went to the door to see if Jim had gone, an' they was jest sayin' good-by at the gate.

"Catherine 'll have her head wrapped up in her pillow for a month to come," sez I.

"Reckon maybe she'll finish the story of Lord Ronald now," sez mother.



A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

SUMWAY. "I tell you the great Northwest is the place to make money. I know a man who went there with only $25 two years ago, and now he is worth $175,000."
LARKIN. "Cattle, or real estate?"
SUMWAY. "He made it in neither of those; he just married a rich widow."

JUST SAVED HIMSELF.

He stood by the open fireplace
To warm his pedals just,
When suddenly into his pocket
His hand he happened to thrust.

A very strange expression
Over his features went.
His little wife ran to him,
And asked him what it meant.

He roared like a fiend incarnate,
His tears poured down like rain,
As he said he laughed at a jokelet
He heard that day on the train.

"And what was the merry jokelet?"
His wife asked, full of joy.
"It was all about an ancient
Person in Illinois.

"His relations all he hated,
And when at the door of death
He called his eldest daughter
Under his husky breath.

"'Oh bring me that long red stocking
Out of the chest,' he said.
The daughter brought it to him,
Who, weak and almost dead,

"By one great effort flung it
Into the rosy flame—
The stocking—and twenty thousand
Dollars was in the same.

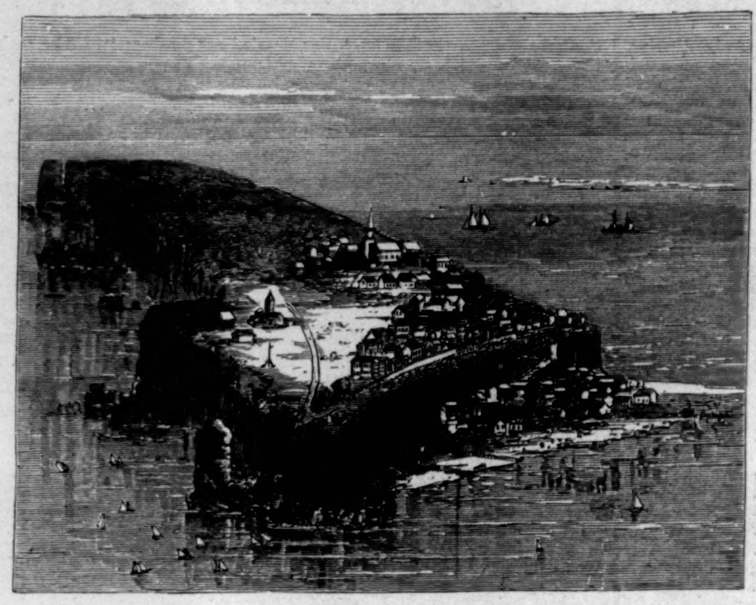
"Suddenly he grew better,
And his relatives all feel gay,
As they see him chopping and sawing
Wood for a dollar a day."

The little wife laughed, delighted,
And thought the joke was good;
But she'd be mad as a hatter—
Oh yes, indeed, she would—

If she knew he laughed at feeling
In his coat tail's innermost
Recess the letter she gave him
Two weeks ago to post.

R. K. Munkittrick.

HELIGOLAND.



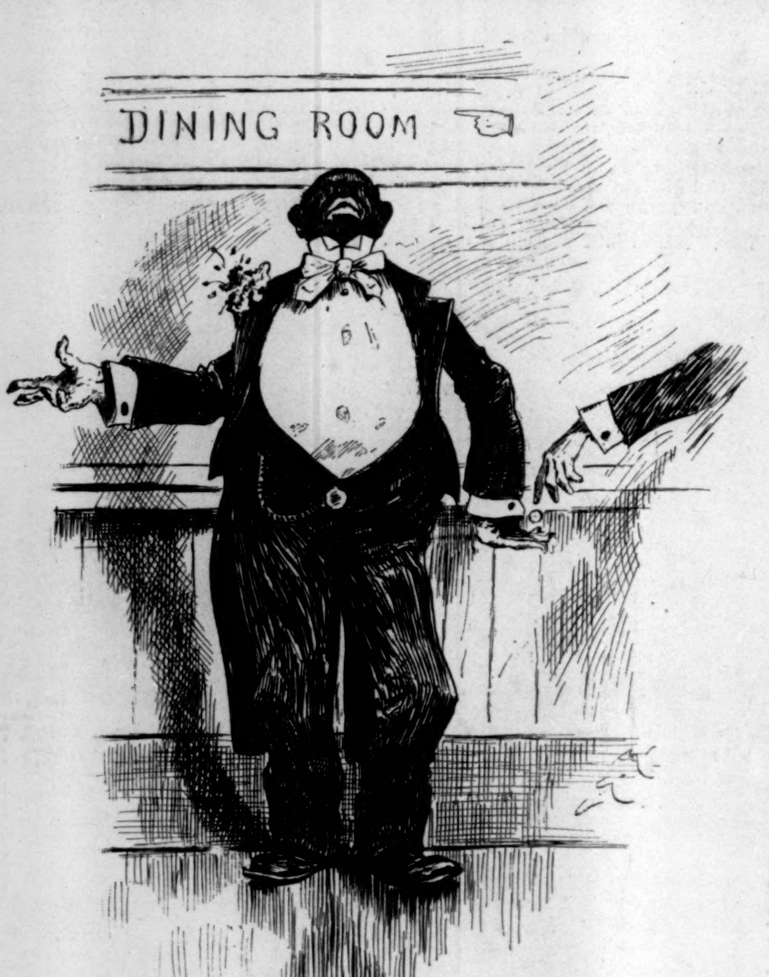
THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

The relative value of national possessions is curiously illustrated by the fact that England, with her 9,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface, receives for this little island, which is not as large as Central Park, an indemnity representing about half a million square miles of Africa soil. Even this may prove less than profitable, for Heligoland yields an annual revenue of $40,000, while he would be a bold prophet to assert that any European power will make both ends meet in the administration of the Black Continent. But though as a mercantile exchange the British have received a questionable property from Germany, still it is a matter of congratulation for the civilized world that the two greatest Protestant nations of Europe, both belonging to the same Germanic race, and both rivals in the same industrial field, should have removed from between them the cause of what might at any time provoke a war.

Heligoland became English after the defeat of Napoleon and his exile to Elba. At that time no one but Gneisenau dreamed of such a thing as a mighty German Empire, stretching from the ocean to the Russian frontier, and England had little difficulty in holding it by treaty.

It lies adjacent to Germany's greatest seaport, and commands the approach to the second in importance as well. If a foreign power should claim possession of Block Island or Fisher's Island, we could realize how Germans regard Heligoland in British hands. Or if we could imagine an island off the mouth of the Mississippi, or between Sandy Hook and Fire Island, the cases would be somewhat analogous, provided the British flag floated over them. Fortunately Heligoland has long since ceased to be considered valuable to England, while to Germany it has risen in importance with every increase in the German navy, every addition to Germany's merchant marine, and, above all, every indication of having to reckon with Russian or French cruisers.

Poultney Bigelow.



THE GASTRIC PROPRIETOR OF THE SUMMER HOTEL.

Fee, Feed, Fed.

THE LOOKOUT BRIDGE.

"Two bells!" exclaimed a sailor-like looking passenger on the White Star ship *Majestic*, as the metallic strokes rang out sharply from the forward dimness. "Two bells? How's that? It must be close on to midnight, and I've been listening for eight bells, when I was going to turn in."

"Ho, ho!" laughed his companion, who was none other than the first officer of the ship, "that's a good one on you, and though you've been a deep-water sailor all your life, you'll find we can teach you a thing or two yet. Take a squint through these glasses over the starboard bow, and perhaps you'll see something."

The passenger, who was an old sailing captain, did as directed, and, after gazing intently out over the shadowy waters for a few moments, reported a light in sight, apparently that of a steamer coming toward them.

"That's what the two bells meant," replied the chief mate. "They were struck by the watch on the lookout bridge, and notified the officer of the deck that something had been sighted off the starboard bow. One bell would have meant that it was on the port side."

Just then eight bells, sounded in an entirely different key from that of the lookout bell, announced the hour of midnight. The chief mate bade his friend good-night, and turned toward the main bridge, where he would assume the duties of officer on watch; while his companion sauntered in the direction of his cabin, reflecting upon the new-fangled methods of navigation as practised aboard the transatlantic liners.

The Chinese paint watchful eyes on the bows of their junks to guard them against the perils of the deep. On the ship of Columbus the lookout was stationed away aft on the highest point of the towering poop, while on most modern vessels he may be found peering ahead from away forward, in what has come to be appropriately designated the "ship's eyes." This is well enough for slow-moving sailing vessels, or even for coastwise steamers, but on the huge over-ocean liners, rushing at railway speed through darkness and fog, a further coign of vantage from which to note and report sudden dangers was demanded. A cro'-nest at the foremast head would be unnecessarily high, and too far from the deck for ready communication; so a few years ago the lookout bridge was devised, and is now in general use.

The point of view selected by our artist for his sketch of this structure and its occupants lends it the appearance of being directly above the main bridge, whereas in reality it is on the foremast, away forward of the latter, and in communication with it only by means of its clear-voiced bell. Here, twenty feet above the deck, on such a ship as the *Majestic*, from the moment of departure to the moment of arrival, at least two pairs of keen, far-sighted eyes scan every inch of the forward horizon. From here any object that is detected—strange sail or sister ship, drifting derelict or glimmering berg—is instantly reported to the officer stationed on the main bridge, by one sharp stroke of the bell that hangs between the watchers if it appears on the port bow, and two if on the starboard.

Even to this elevation the leaping spray clouds often find their way, and the stout canvas breastwork behind which the lookouts seek a partial shelter must be supplemented by oil-skins and sou'-westers.

The occupants of this most important post are always men of tested eyesight and hearing as well as of approved reliability, devoted to this especial service, and assigned to no other. When extra precautions are demanded, as in times of fog, another lookout is stationed as far forward as possible on deck, and still another on the main bridge; while on entering or leaving a port the second officer of the ship invariably shares the lookout bridge with its more permanent tenants. Thus the great ship becomes argus-eyed, and many a passenger sailing from New York this week on the *Majestic*, or others of the transatlantic fleet, will find his sense of safety materially increased by an occasional glance forward and up at the lookout bridge.

A TWILIGHT HOPE.

The sun is down, but a cloud of rose
Lightens the western sky.
The page I read with the soft tint glows.
Suddenly, sweeter the meaning grows
As a few words catch my eye.
I read again the poet's rhyme—
Love will come in Love's own time.

A moment, the cloud has passed away,
The twilight mists arise.
The sky is now but a sea of gray,
Where shines the evening star's pure ray.
But I see before my eyes
These words, which ring in pleasant chime,
Love will come in Love's own time.

Flavel Scott Mines.

IF ABOUT TO TRAVEL OR EMIGRATE,
The voyager cannot be provided with a safer remedy and protective medicine than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Abundant testimony exists to prove that it nullifies hurtful climatic influences and the effects of exposure, that it reconciles the stomach to unaccustomed food, and prevents injurious results from impure water. Mariners, tourists, emigrants, and miners have all contributed their quota of testimony in its behalf, and its protective influence has been most effectually demonstrated in regions and under conditions where, if not really effective, that fact would long since have been exposed. In no class of disorders have its remedial and preventive properties been more conspicuously shown than in cases of malarial fevers, maladies for which it is the most popular specific in existence, both here and in the tropics, where its reputation is scarcely second to that which it enjoys on this continent. It is, moreover, a most agreeable appetizer and nervine.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

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Nicholson's Liquid Bread (Pure Malt Extract) is gaining steadily in favor as a table beverage. Its health-giving qualities are unquestioned. Recommended by both physicians and epicures. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine glass Angostura Bitters before meals.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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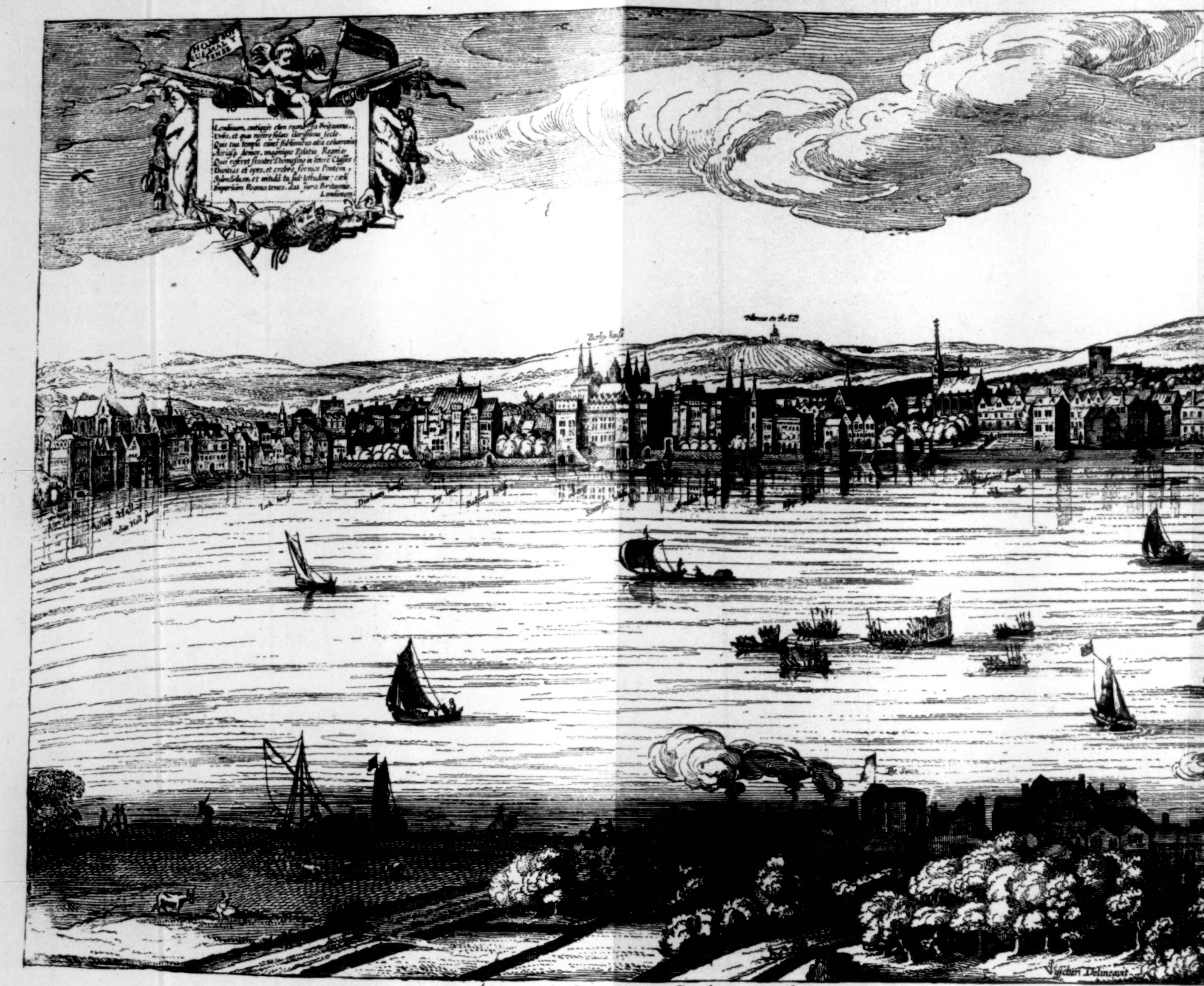
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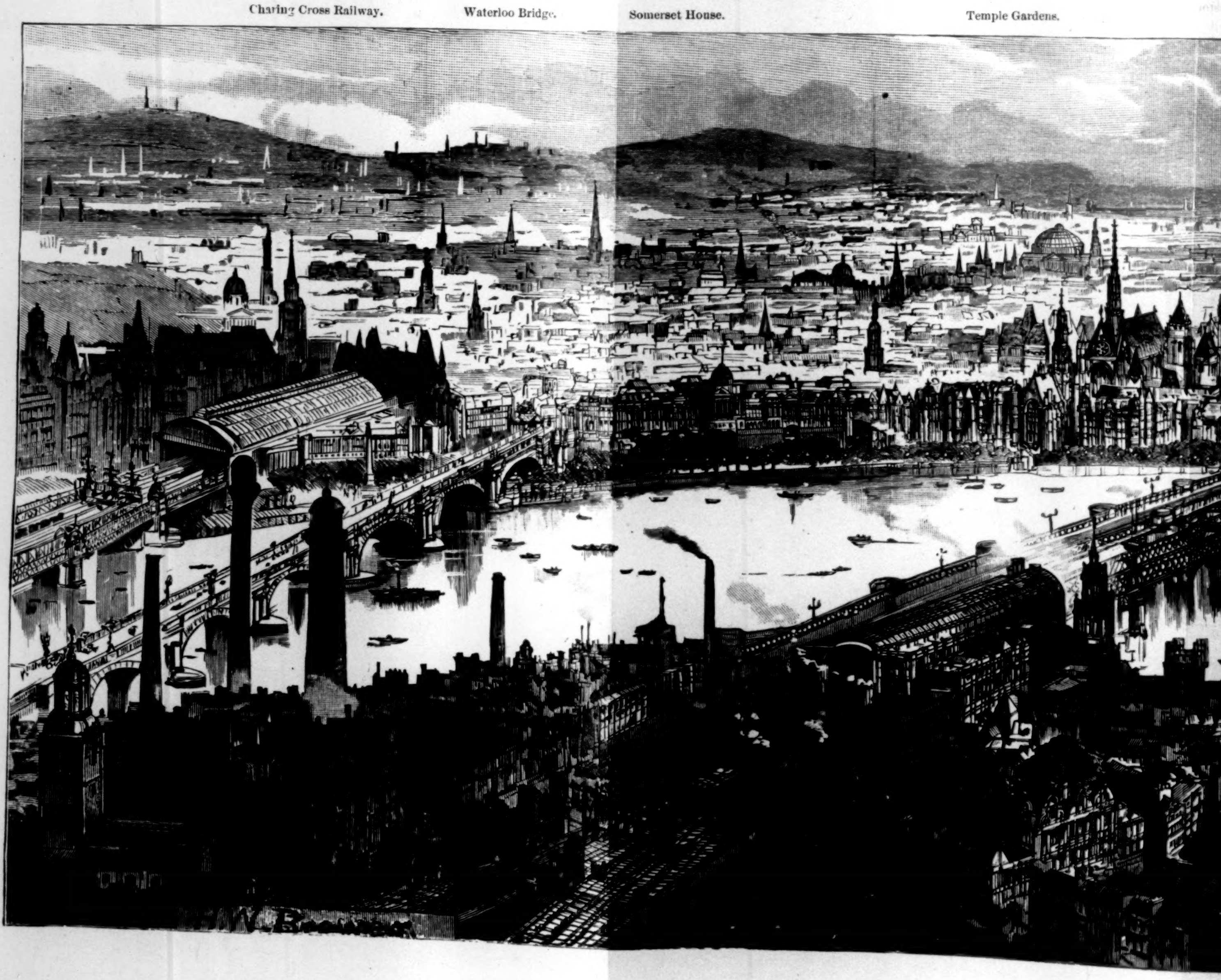
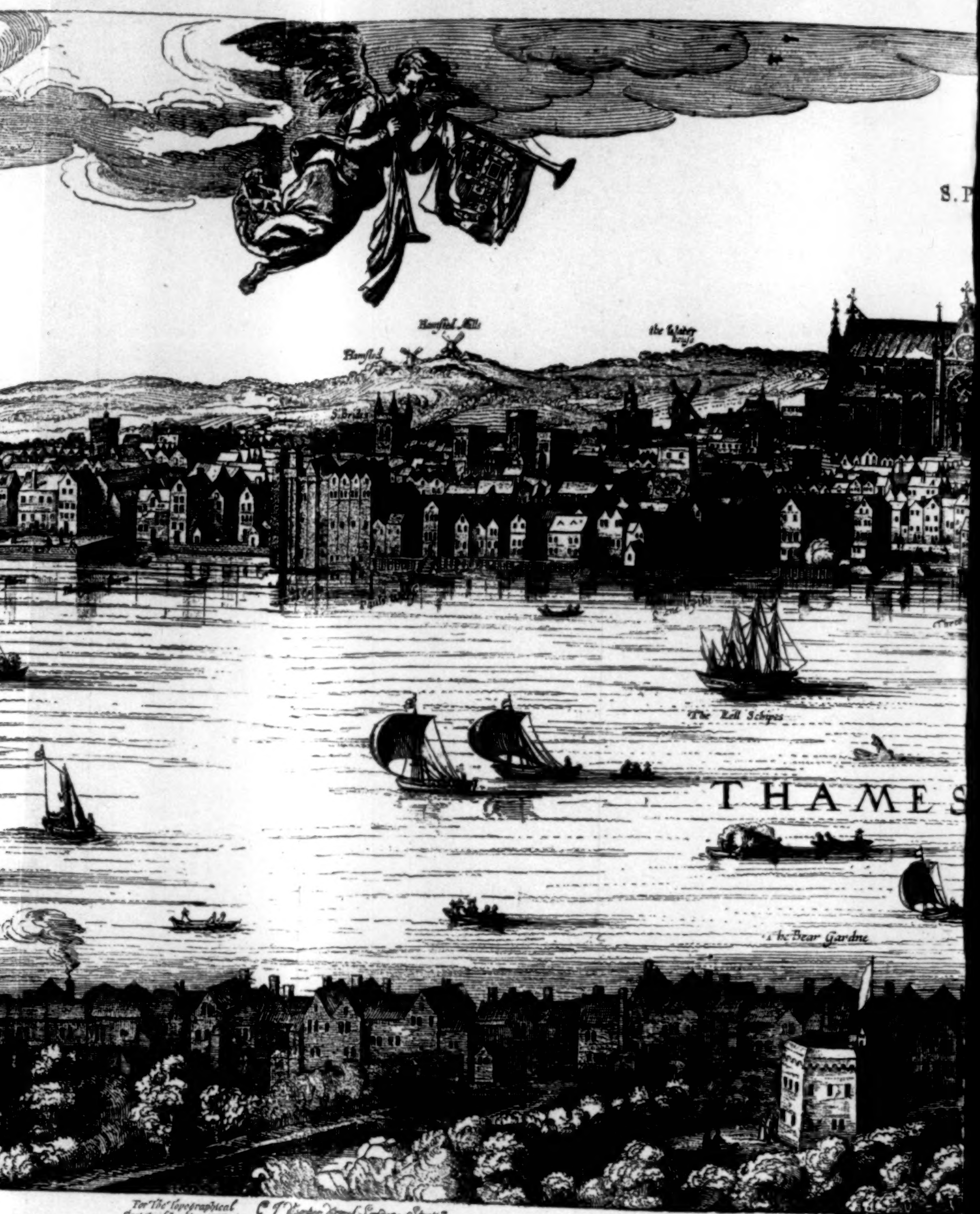
View of London by C. J. Visscher: A.D. 1616.


Charing Cross Railway.
Waterloo Bridge.
Somerset House.
Temple Gardens.

UNIV. OF MICH.


S. P
Hamsted
Hamsted Mills
the Water house
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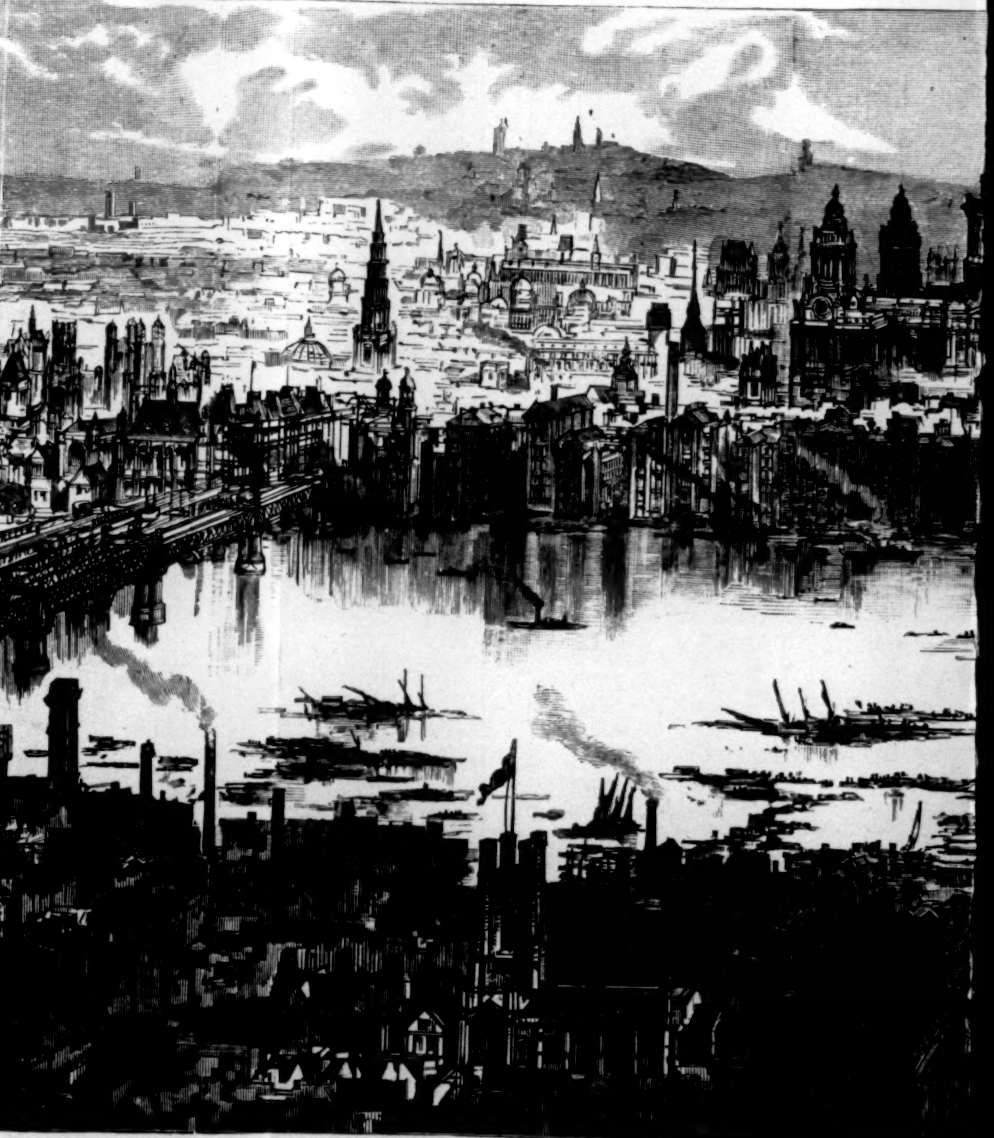
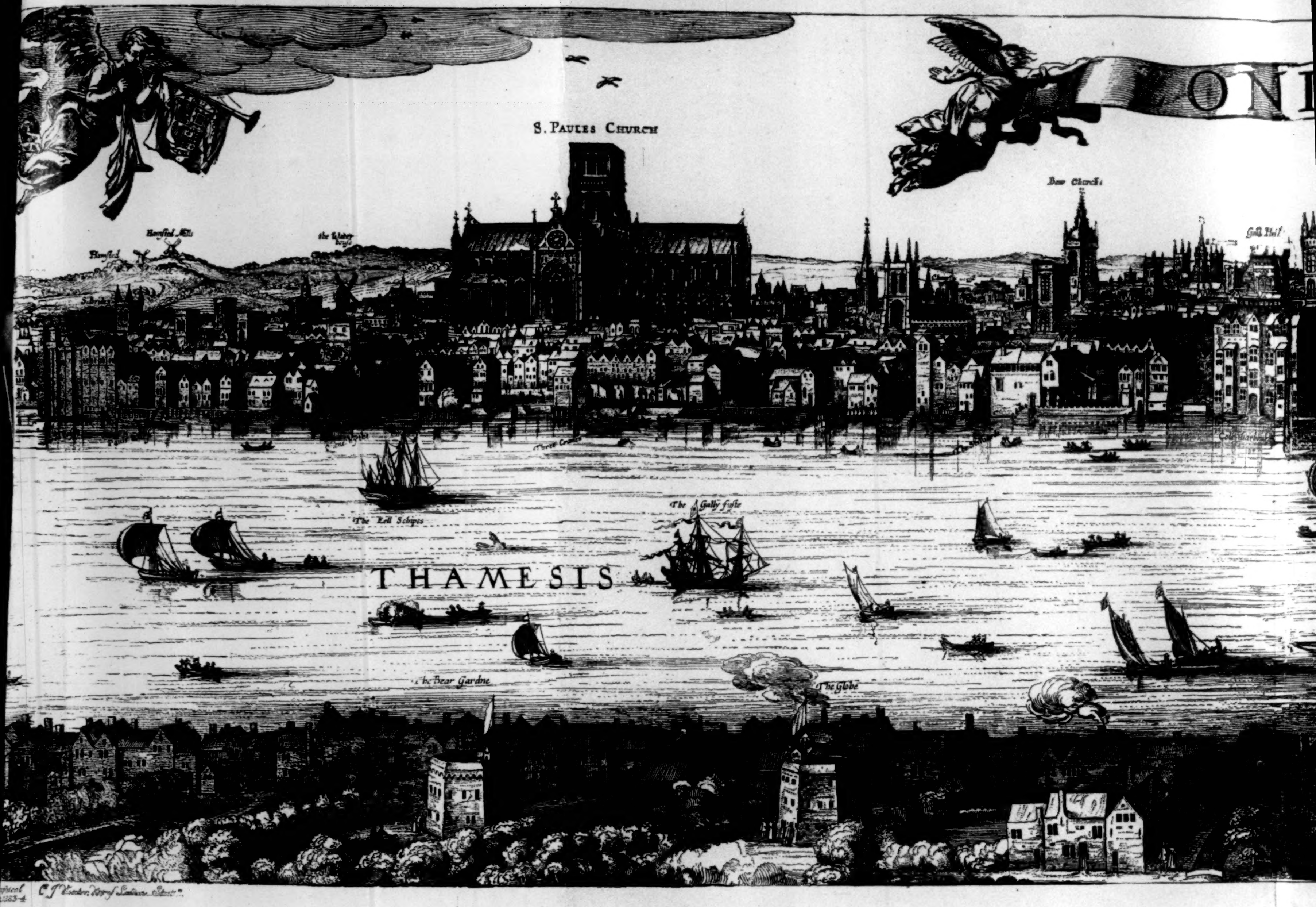
The Eel Schipes
THAMES
the Bear Gardne

For The Topographical Society of London 1883-4

C J Visscher [illegible]

Blackfriars Bridge.
St. P

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S. PAULES CHURCH
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Three Cranes
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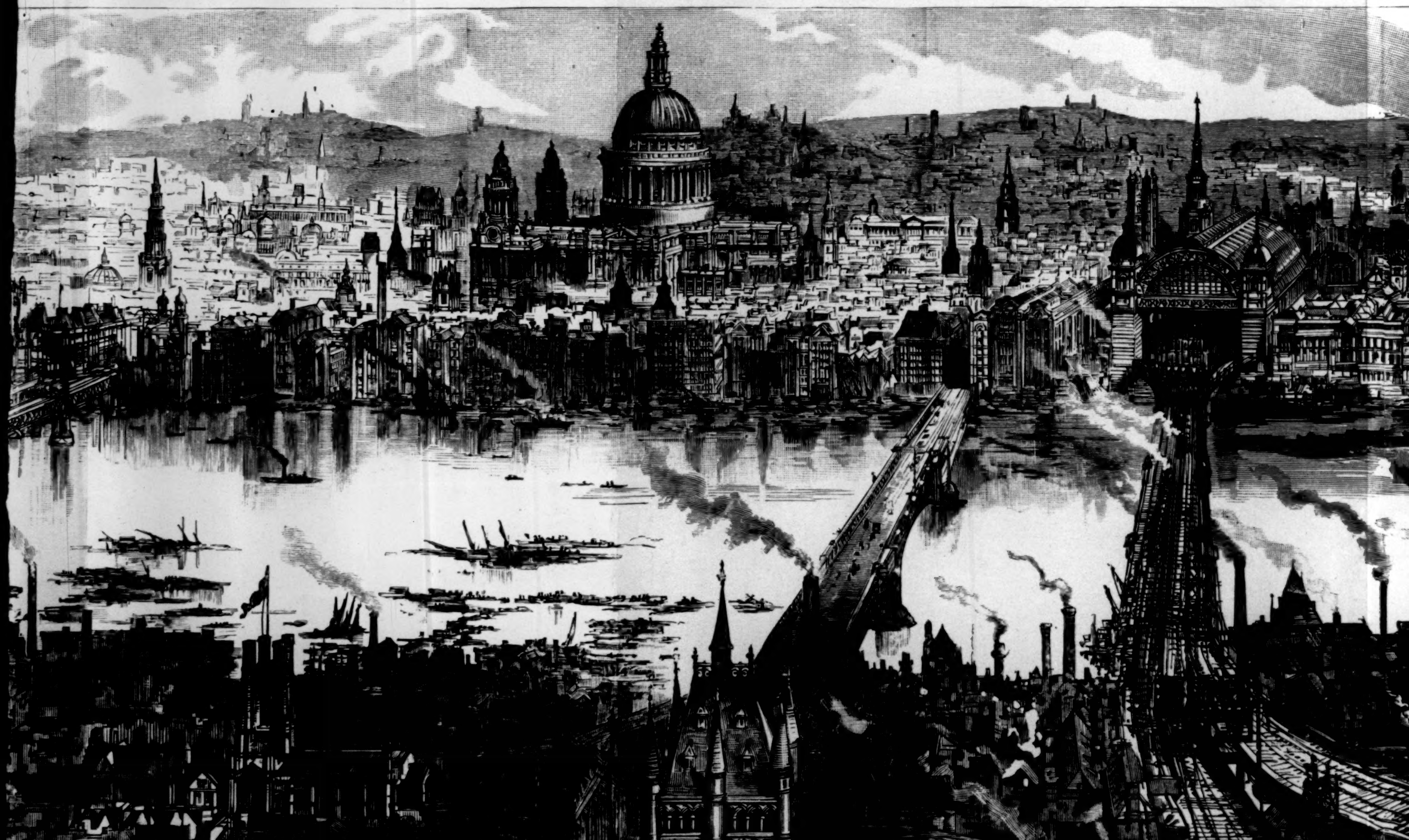
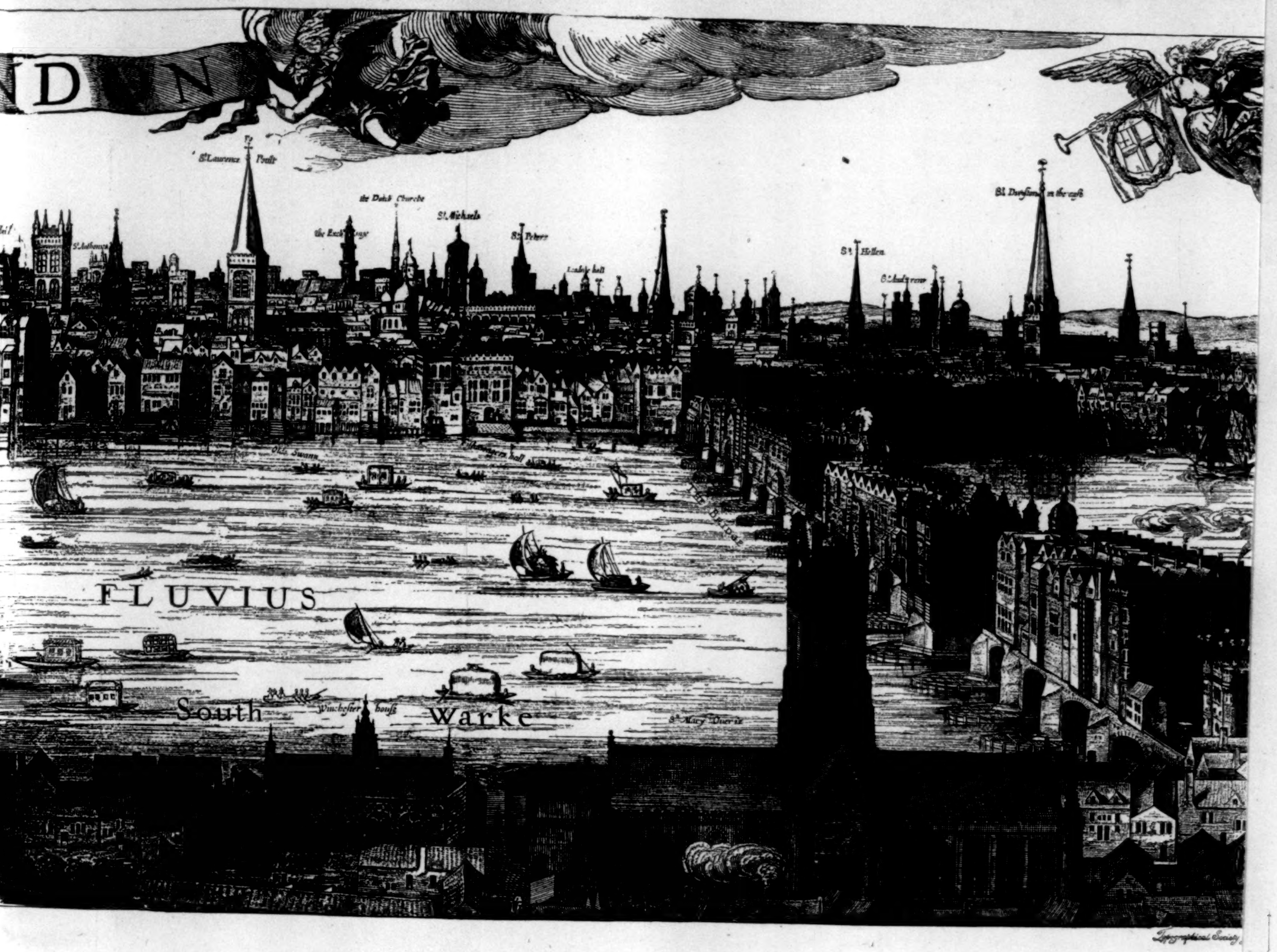
St. Paul's Cathedral.
Southwark Bridge.
Cannon Street Railway Station.



VIEWS OF LONDON IN 1616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St. Hellen
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St. Dunstons in the east
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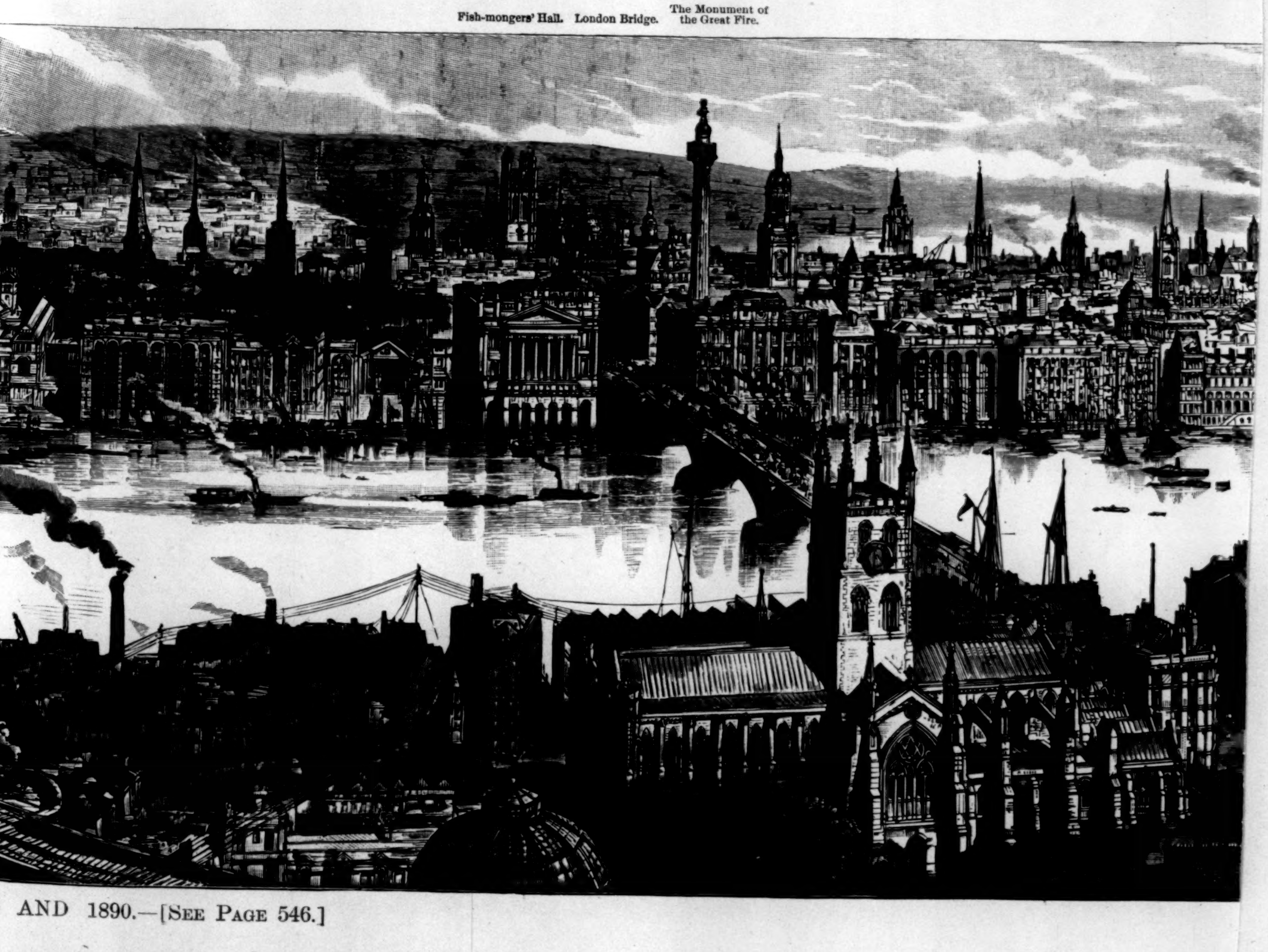
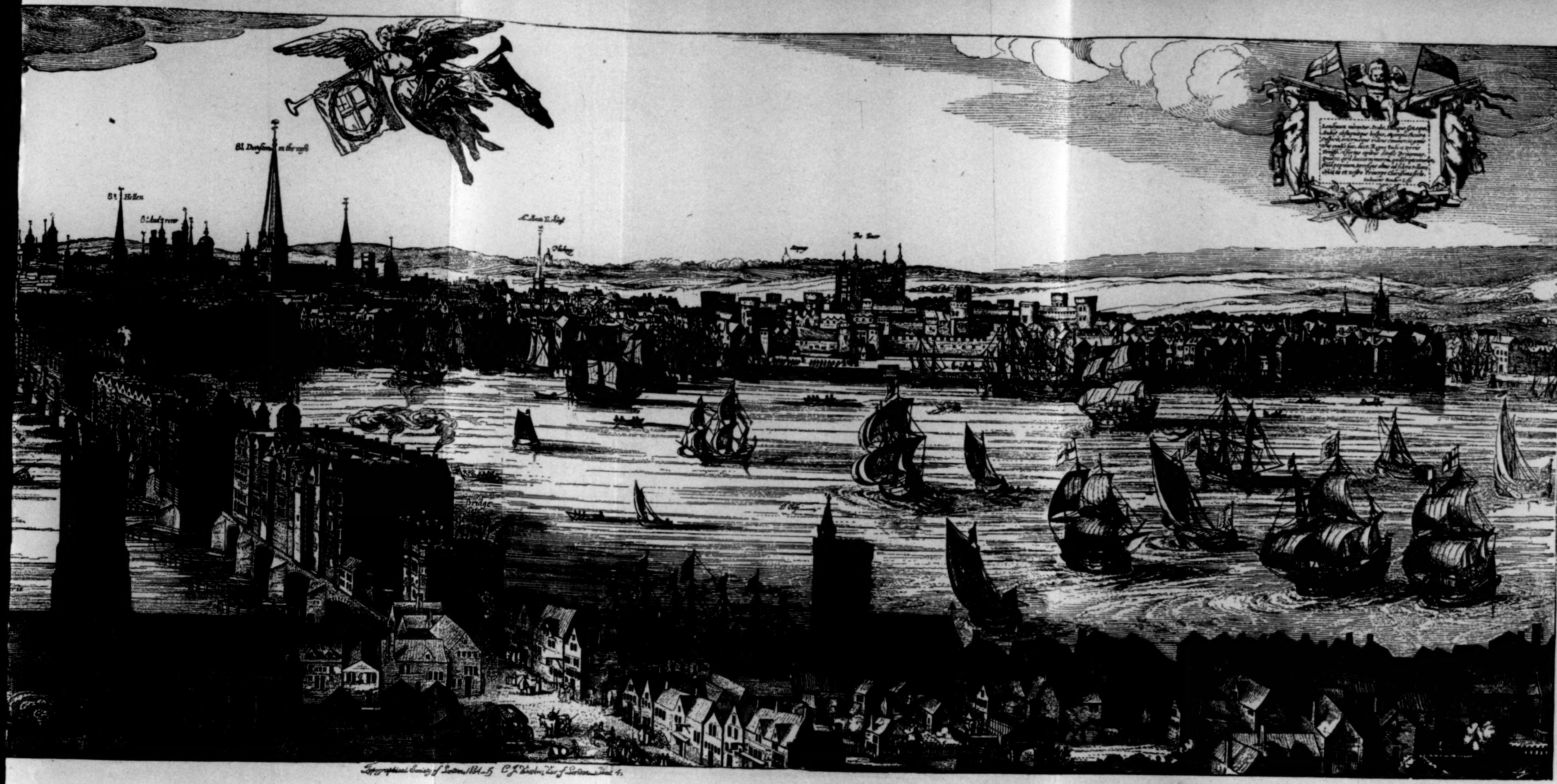
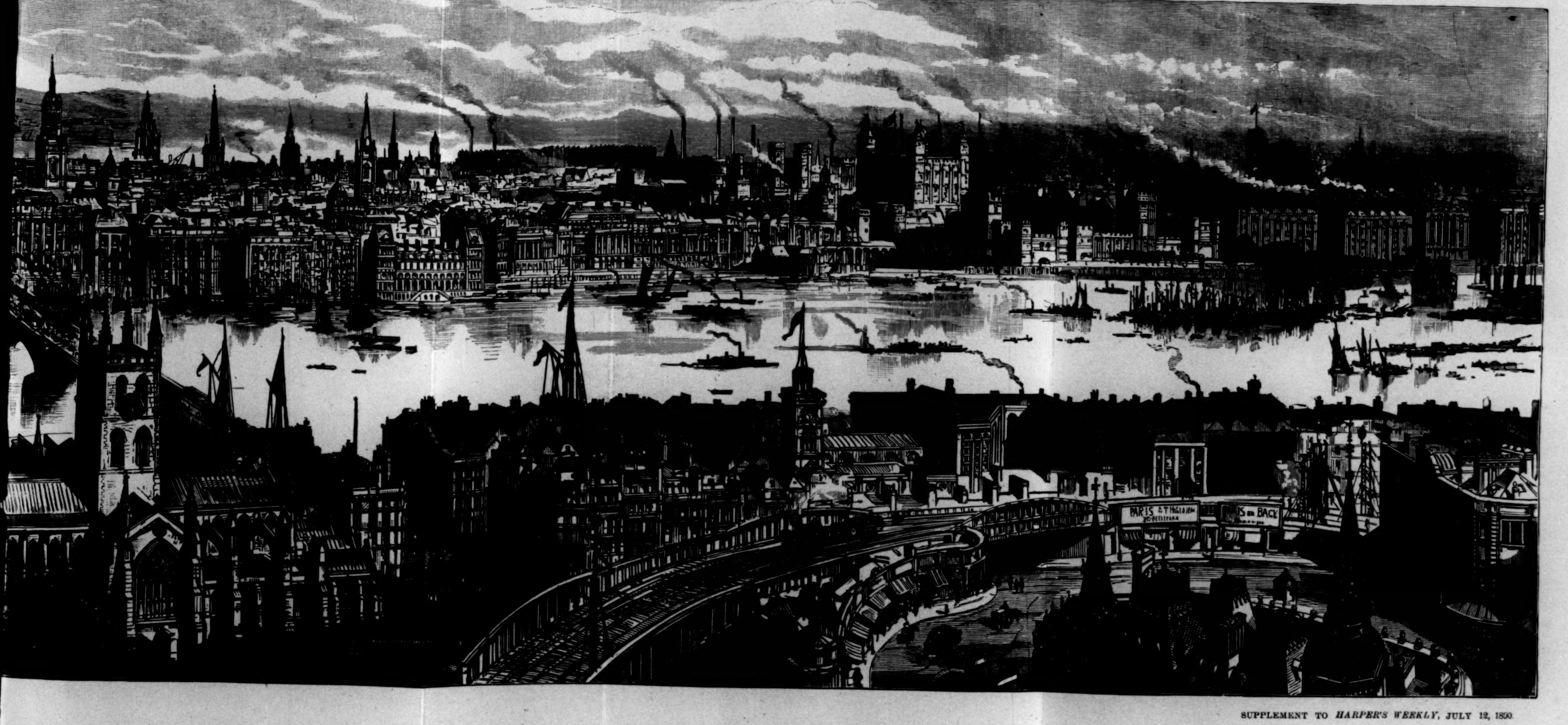
St. Mary Overis
Typographical Society

Fish-mongers' Hall. London Bridge. The Monument of the Great Fire.



AND 1890.—[See Page 546.]


St. Hellen
St. Andrew
St. Dunston in the east
The Tower
Topographical Society of London 1881–5 C. J. Visscher: View of London Sheet 4.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Fire.
The Custom-House.
The Tower.
PARIS
IS in BACK